The War Cry
The All Round the World
The Salvation Army
The Army Chariot Pulls It
Registered June 1885
An Official Gazette Of The Salvation Army, Canada.

Vol. VI. No. 273. TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 18TH, 1890. Price 5 Cents.

MRS. BOOTH BLESSES THE ARMY THROUGH ITS STAFF COUNCIL'S DEPUTATION.

With Mrs. Booth.

Messages of Faith and Love from the "Death Chamber."

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

CLACTON-ON-SEA,
SATURDAY NIGHT.

A sad mission has devolved upon me. I am summoned to record the last moments of Mrs. Booth. A feeling of awe seizes me as I approach the little seaside town of Clacton. The night is still. The scanty reflection of the starlight rests upon the heaving bosom of the sea, and dimly reveals to me the isolation of the spot where God's servant has come to die. The house itself is detached, and the leafless trees that surround it add to the loneliness of the scene, helping to saddon my thoughts as I think of the poor suffering saint, and watch the flitting to and fro of lights and forms, hurrying hither and thither on errands of mercy to alleviate her sufferings and to scatter "acts of kindness and of love" along the path of her homeward journey.

I turn from that silent house of death and look on the deep full ocean that, heaving and swelling at my feet, stretches away in the darkness of the distance. Into that darkness my limited vision cannot pierce. I must wait for the morning to show me the beyond!

The purposes and mercy of God are like that sea to me to-night, broad, deep, and far-reaching, and by the light that this poor finite mind gives me I am not able to see how the present connects itself with the future.

It looks all darkness out at sea in the night of mystery and pain—the eternal morning must dawn before I can see all the glory and the light of the shores beyond; and so, leaving the mystery of this "sickness unto death" to the boundless mercy of God, I bend my steps homeward and await the course of events, expecting before morning to be called, for I hear Mrs. Booth is hourly becoming weaker, and that the end cannot be far off. Hemorrhage, accompanied by violent coughing, has set in, and she is suffering great anguish.

* * *

I met the Chief and Mrs. Bramwell, Commissioner Railton, and Staff-Capt. Simpson by the last train. They will stay in the town for some days. All the family is now here except the Marechale and Marshal Ballington and his wife. The Commandant arrived by an earlier train, and at once went to Ocsanville.

The Chief looks very poorly and anxious, and every inmate of the house seems overstrained and intensely sad. The ceaseless attention and watching have told terribly on Mrs. Booth-Tucker and her two sisters, the Field Commissioner and Miss Lucy; and the worn expression written in every feature of Mrs. Booth's faithful nurse, Capt. Carr, tell their own tale of incessant watching. I am able to say that the unwearying devotion of this noble woman to their suffering mother throughout the past two years has written its own record upon every heart in the family.

Sunday Morning, Eight o'Clock.—A hasty message reaches me to go at once to Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

Sinners' Column.

By Commissioner.

Sinner, remember this—"The saddest road to hell is from a mother's knee, the family altar, from the barracks, from under the pulpit, and past the Word of God, and through the midst of warnings and invitations.

All the music in eternity is in heaven; there's none in hell.

In eternity a saved soul sings, a lost soul never sings. Only one note from the Royal Harpers, and one peal of music from the seraph voices, will repay us for all the mockings and sufferings on earth.

What is the Bible? Why it is God's [illegible] invitation to every poor sin-burdened soul. It contains comfort for the broken-hearted, and balm for the wounded spirit. Search it and find out the glorious [illegible] laid out for you.

Sinner, remember the key-note of God's word is "Come."

What the Scripture forbids, avoid. What it affirms, believe. What it commands, do. What it reproves, amend.

What will you give in exchange for your soul? Think of this. Be careful and weigh the matter up candidly.

Perhaps you are not afraid of death, but the judgment bar. Oh! how will you appear? Shall you, amidst a ghastly band, be dragged to the tribunal of God, *doomed to die*?

Sinner, there are three great enemies you must overcome—the world, the flesh, and the devil. There has been ample provision made in the plan of redemption. Don't despair. God's grace is sufficient *for you*.

By grace are ye saved, through faith.

If you don't wish for His Kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you want it, you must [illegible]

If you were dying now, where would you go? This is an important question and needs your attention.

Get plenty of Jesus, then you will have plenty of joy, peace and love. 'Tis He who soothes the troubled breast. 'Tis He who makes the angry billows in your soul cease their raging, and can say, "Peace be still." Hallelujah!

The joy from Jesus can be fully experienced down here on earth.

Oh! what a blessing to know He has a balm for every wound. He had sorrow that you and I might have joy. Have you ever thought of the sympathy that Jesus must have had for you, to leave all and [illegible] die for you? Think!

Prayers and tears are the weapons that all the saints of old got their heart-victories with. These are the weapons that can calm a guilty soul.

When do you intend making your way to the Cross of Calvary? See the bleeding wounds of Jesus. His hands, His head, His feet. That blood flows for you. Come beneath its waves.

Oh! what a cross, to have no cross. The cross is easier to him who bears it, than him who drags it.

Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that I ever bore. Bless Him. His yoke is easy, His burden light.

The cross is a wonderful help to me, and so it will be to you, if you will take it up. It sends me sweeping along like the wing of a bird, or the sail of a ship. It carries me on to God.

Where are you looking for God, sinner? You can never hope to find Him anywhere else than at the cross. There you can find Him who is able to deliver and adopt you into the family of Himself.

Oh, hallelujah! The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear.

Reader, the world says, "Come to me and I will fail you." The flesh says, "Come to me and I will destroy you." Christ says, "Come to me and I will give you rest."

You say, "How long will it take a man to get to Jesus and be saved?" Just as long as a drowning man would leave go a straw and seize hold of a rope. Instantly.

The Gun and the Sword.

BY PRINCE [illegible].

The [illegible] two weapons differ [illegible] they are both used in the killing armies. Both are useful. The gun is for firing shots when at a distance from the enemy; the sword can only be used in a hand-to-hand conflict. I don't want to praise up one by running down the other. Both have their separate work. Neither can be done without. I [illegible] it requires more wisdom to win souls than to take cities. I believe this, but don't think it is generally understood [illegible] there would be more wisdom sought for from God for the great war between heaven and hell. In earthly wars there is a great deal of planning, scheming, forethought and trouble exercised. The weak places in the enemy's camp are examined—in fact, things are done on plans, common-sense lines. The orders are, "Advance! Quick march! Fire! Take the trenches! Capture the enemy!" If they still hold on to their guns it must be a hand-to-hand work, bringing the bayonet and sword into execution. The enemy falls, the position is captured.

Since my arrival in Canada, I have observed that there are a number of good gunners—people who fire from the platform a nice, smart shot; but the taking of the trenches, with sword in hand, is not so much brought into operation. If the enemy is not prepared to surrender with the platform shot, it requires [illegible] us on the platform and have a face-to-face conflict. Possibly during the [illegible] the guns have gone off very nicely. Some sinners have been shot, many have only been scared. They try to escape! Now is the time for some one who can faithfully use the sword. Find out by a personal hand-to-hand fight where they are and what they are holding on to. Deal with them in such a way as to make each individual feel you are God-sent. Speak and deal as one having authority. You can do it with [illegible] to know how to use it. Expect as you wound the pride and self-will of the sinner, that he will try to get out of the way. The majority of sinners try to hold on to something, or other. [illegible] kind of an idea of their own. I find that hundreds play at religion as a kind of fashionable habit. They pretend to be religious because it is fashionable. Cut those rotten props from under them—go straight at their hearts. You may expect to find them wounded, and although a person may be wounded and not surrender, at the same time you have a far better prospect of getting them to surrender if they are wounded. I have seen officers try to get sinners to believe before they are wounded. There must be the wounding first. I fancy I hear some one say, "It is a great cross for me to deal straight with the consciences of men and women." Then take it up, for I am sure a great deal can be done from the platform, but a lot more from personal contact. Before I was converted I went to meetings for three months and no one spoke to me. At the end of that time a brother spoke five words to me, and I burst into tears and broke down. That night I was saved.

Possibly, another says, "I don't feel led to go to people and talk to them about their souls." Then go without being led; our feeling is not our guide. The Devil may get at me through my feelings. You know what your duty is; it is not to study your feelings, but to obey the command of God which says, "Go to every creature." My house is on fire, and my wife and children are there; if it is within my power to rescue them and I do not do so, I am justly guilty of their death, whether I felt led to rescue them or not. Are you cold-blooded? Can you look upon sinners and do nothing for them; be content to have the meeting, sing, pray and talk, and make no desperate attempt to save the unsaved, and go home and say, "We have had a good meeting, and we are going to leave the results with God?" I am sure God wont take the responsibility of the state of your feelings or your lack of duty. To a willing soul His promises are true, and if you are willing to do your duty to the dying crowd, irrespective of your feelings of being led or not being led, God will help you. I should advise any one who has a difficulty here, to read the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel. The Word of God is our guide and standard—God's revealed will to man—and though an angel came from heaven and preached any other doctrine, believe him not.

Let us advance, quick march, on the enemy's territory. Be prepared for a hand-to-hand fight, in the spirit of a David, and the enemy shall fall a prey into our hands.

Know Yourself.

FOR THE GREAT SOUL BOOM.

BY J. A. S.

To know yourself is to be in such a position as to understand your needs, and in understanding your needs to know of a means of supply in which your every desire may be fully met. For instance, a merchant never goes into business unthinkingly, or until he has thoroughly [illegible] his standing or finds out where he is. He not only looks into his own purse and at his circumstances to see how far he can safely invest so that he'll not get involved, but will look about him and see where he can lay out his money and get the most profitable goods for the least amount of money. In other words he takes his bearings, sizes himself up, finds out where he stands, and what he is. He doesn't go and see how some one else is prospering, and say because they prosper he'll go and do the same. He lives to his own principles in particular. And if we, as people who have entered into this great soul-saving business, are to accomplish anything, if we are to prosper it will be when we have taken our bearings, sized ourselves up thoroughly, and considered our standing in comparison with our great Leader. It was said of Him before He came to earth, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." And can it not, shall it not be said of us as ambassadors for Jesus that we came to save the people from their sins?

Let us consider ourselves. In entering upon this great work you must be free from encumbrances. You cannot serve God and mammon. If you do God's work you must be freed from the law and completely under grace. You must know yourself to be free from those things that are so often a very great hindrance; which obscures yourselves from the spiritual eyes God has given you, and to see yourself with the eyes God has given, is to see yourself as God sees you, is to be confident as to whether He is satisfied with you, and if He is satisfied with you, you will be satisfied with Him, and you will be a success in winning souls for Him. Whether you act as others do or not will make no difference, only do His will. If you know yourself you will be yourself, and be far more successful than you would if quite able to personate the most apparently successful one in the field to-day. Only be the person God would have you be, and act as He would have you act, and it shall be well with you, and when the great summing-up time comes the "well done" to you will be just as sweet as it will be to any who ever entered through the gates into Glory. When you come rejoicing, bringing in precious sheaves of golden grain you will be more than repaid for living down here a God-led life and having been yourself through it. Don't please the eye of some stiffened professor or other person.

The universal soul boom will soon have been ended and time is short, very short. We will redeem it by living and working, and winning souls for Jesus' sake.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD

From Winnipeg to Vancouver.

I saw Lieutenant White at Winnipeg Station, and heard him say, "I love the Salvation Army more than ever." We bid each other good-bye, and off I start for the Coast.

I heard the conductor say, "Well Major (thinking I was Major Young), Where are you off to now?" "I'm going through to the Coast, stopping off at Calgary and Kamloops."

I saw three Italians a few seats ahead of me, and after they had had some food, one of them opened his basket that he peddles with, and offered his articles for sale to the passengers. "Be instant in season and out of season."

I saw (while going through the smoking car) four men sitting together drinking, smoking, etc., and as I passed, one of them said, holding a bottle to me, "Will you have a drink?" "I drink something better than that," said I.

I am drinking at the wells of full salvation which the Saviour gives to all so full and free. It will save you in the hour of all temptations. Won't you come along and have a drink with me?

I heard the conductor say "Portage la Prairie next station," and upon arriving at that place, I saw quite a number of soldiers at the station who had come to say good-bye to Capt. Coulter who was going to take charge of Kamloops. "God bless you! Be good, be true, fight on!" and Portage la Prairie is left behind.

I saw Capt. Tierney and Lieut. Vinall at Carberry Station, and heard them say in answer to a put question, "Yes, I am well saved, and the converts are [illegible] on beautiful [illegible] the S.A." That's right [illegible] your converts into soldiers [illegible] place for them under the sun [illegible] to win souls and warn the [illegible]

I saw some man [illegible] chums, the cigars, and one of [illegible] the cheek to fight up in the [illegible] and thought himself quite [illegible] smoke in heaven; not [illegible] keep a snug little store [illegible] [illegible] the chicken thing [illegible]

I saw Lieutenant Gage at Brandon Station, and was sorry to hear that his Captain was unwell and unable to get out to the Holiness Meeting. Cheer up, George, "this sickness is not unto death." [illegible] say that he was full of the war [illegible] Hallelujah! He's a red hot Salvationist.

I saw the brakesman lighting the lamps which reminded me that night was coming on. "The night cometh when no man can work." Comrades, up to the rescue! Let this be your motto, "Saved to save."

I saw the officers and soldiers at Moose Jaw; how glad those soldiers were to see their old comrade, Lieutenant, now Capt. Coulter, and how glad we would have been to have stopped off for meeting, and help push along the War, but we had to push on to Calgary and keep our appointment.

I heard the Captain (Foy) say, "Fire a volley," as the train moved out of the station; and while it cheered my soul, it evidently did not please one man, or rather a dude, who said: "There's some —— fools. He knows us as the Salvation Army, and not as the sons and daughters of the Almighty. "Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you," my comrades, "but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

I saw some man riding over the prairie from his ranch to catch the train and mail some letters, which he did, and had a few minutes to spare. How many are letting the Gospel train go by, and like the rich man, will pray when it is too late. "Sinner, how will you escape if you neglect so great salvation."

I heard that convert at S—— C—— say, "Sometimes I get along all right, and sometimes it seems so hard." She is watched and surrounded by the Sanballats and Tobiahs, who would rejoice at her downfall. Jesus help us! Be true my comrade, "and consider Him that endured the Cross."

I saw much to grieve me while on the train, and felt how much Jesus must be grieved at the ways of men and women of to-day. "Oh that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of My people."

I heard the conductor say we would reach Calgary at 2:20 a.m. So after handing ourselves over to Father for the night we made the best of the seats for our beds and slept pretty good. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

I heard the "Hallelujah" from Capt. Gurney who had come to meet us at the station, and soon we were on our way to our billets, and had a few hours rest before knee-drill and Hallelujah Breakfast.

I saw six persons at knee-drill, and also had the joy of sharing the blessing and joys from heaven. I also saw Cadet O'Neil, who is quite changed since I last saw him. Cadet, Oh Cadet! thou didst run well. Who should hinder thee from letting thy b—— grow, etc., etc.

I heard some good and solid experience at the Holiness meeting, and although few in number, yet we had "great and precious promises given unto us." Say Amen!

I saw one convert stand up and get enroled in the afternoon free-and-easy. Thank God for the ones and twos, and he was not afraid to speak out and say, "And I do here, etc." God bless him, and make him a real David to bring down the Goliaths of sin.

I heard Capt. Gurney say that he needed about $25.00 for rents. Now friends, can you help him? his address is Calgary, Alberta. Remember the cup of cold water. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

I saw a nice crowd in the barracks on the Sunday night, and sing well they did. But none would come to our Jesus for Salvation. "Ye will not come unto Me (Jesus) that ye might have life."

I heard people often say, when asked to get saved, I'm thinking about it, and will get saved some day. "Now is the day of Salvation." Haste away to Jesus, death is coming.

I heard Captain and Cadet say, "Thank God I'm well saved, and living on sunshine street." That's beautiful. We bid each other good-bye, and off we speed to Kamloops.

T. Scott.

It is not enough to see souls at the penitent-form. Far better to get them enroled as Soldiers.

THAT M.M.M. BAND.

THEIR FIRST OUTING.

Startling Times—Great Success—Jumping Daddy—Irish Bob—Scotch Johnnie—Devils Tremble.

Quite a bit of excitement had been going on around Headquarters on a recent Saturday afternoon, for was not the famous "Mixed Musical Medley Band" to start for their first outing? A few nights practice, a lot of faith and prayer, a set determination to help along the 20,000 soul boom, and we are ready for any battles, no matter how tough they may be. In the strength of God, we resolved to rush to the fray, and of course—we conquered. As usual, Mr. Devil had a band in trying to upset our plans. He forsaw the terrible onslaughts upon his kingdom, and the souls who would be saved. It is no wonder, therefore, that he should try to spoil our salvation fun and merriment, but he got badly left.

Two or three of our party were taken sick, and the rest of the number were not in the best of shape bodily; but there is a great deal in fighting one's self. Ease off, and the devil is pleased.

BRAMPTON is our first rendezvous, and we formed quite a merry party as we boarded the cars at the Union Depot. Staff-Lieut. Neal, and Brigade-Capt. Goodall were going on to Guelph, so that the S.A. was well represented on that train.

"Well, you people are doing good, I am sure," so said a tall young man with a horse-jockey appearance, as he sat near us.

A short ride, and we land at Brampton, so confident of victory. My! how things were stirred in that open-air. The enemy was ignorant of our tactics, and crowds gathered around. Our "Daddy Manton" kept things lively, and although one of the devil's dudes tried to drive through us while kneeling in the open-air ring, God soon defeated his plan, and we made things hum.

Songs, solos, testimonies, and music kept things very lively inside, where quite a nice crowd had gathered. Uninterrupted power and influence was felt right throughout this meeting. Our "Irish Bob" gave his reason for being happy. "Scotch Johnnie's" cornet solo was good; and what shall I say of Adjutant T. Plant's sweet soloing? Well, you come along and hear him. "Bruno" spoke of the man who conversed with his own shadow; and I tell you, he brought a good illustration out of it. Then Lieut. Loftus said his little piece. God helped the WAR CRY man to urge the sinners to immediate decision, and ONE man knelt at Jesus' feet. We trust he found peace.

It was a beautiful meeting, full of Salvation go and energy, and a splendid start for our boys of the H.Q.S., M.M.M.B.

The knee-drill in the morning was good. The key note was "victory."

Say, Brampton soldiers! don't forget the knee-drill. But that little Holiness meeting capped everything. In the little back room it was held, and God's presence was felt. It was one of great power and liberty and the presence of God, together with a blessed union of mind, was felt from the starting song,

> "Give me the faith that can remove
> And sink the mountain to a plain."

Everybody took a good hold of God in their prayer and brought the glory of God into our midst. Adjt. Plant soloed, "I will follow the Lamb," after which Captain Turner gave a good straight testimony. Capt. Manton in his sledge hammer fashion gave pride and sin a terrible blow, and Smiling Loftus also had to praise God for a real salvation. The Spirit of God helped our Bob to speak with power, and when Daddy sang.

> "All the world is underneath me,
> All its wealth and joy."

our hearts and lips joined heartily in. Sister Mansfield had a practical salvation and entire sanctification.

Staff-Capt. Read read and drew in, laying down straight lines and pushing upon every man and woman the necessity of living pure and holy. One dear unsaved sister wept tears of sorrow, but could not make up her mind to venture all on Jesus, while her aged, gray-haired father also was undecided to take the one step. May His love which once broke our hearts, also do it for father and daughter, is our prayer.

That open-air march in the afternoon roused things up quite a bit. Loafers, Christ-rejecters, Sabbath-breakers, and sinners of all kinds were led to see and feel that the Army is not dead yet. The dear Lord sent along quite a big crowd for the afternoon Free-and-Easy.

Oh, how disgusted the devil felt! Of course the M.M.M.B. seeks not the approbation of the devil, neither do we seek to tickle the ears and imaginations of sinners, but we do believe in the truth, and the truth again. It does give offence, but not to those who have loyal, Christ-like hearts. From the very start God set things going in proper S.A. style.

"Our Irish Bob" (Captain Cunningham) read the Word with power. "The story of Lazarus" was listened to with rapt attention, and as Bob told of the grave he was once in, of the sins which bound him, and of the great Deliverer who said, "Bob, come forth?" the attention of every person was fixed on what he said. God helped him in a wonderful manner.

Staff-Capt. Read led quite an old time Army Free-and-Easy. Testimonies went off like hallelujah pop-guns. The Adjt. opened the people's eyes as he told who we were, what we did, and what we had come to Brampton for.

How ably the devil tried to play his cards so as to defeat our end, and spoil our meeting, but as usual, God got the victory by putting the knife of conviction deeper than ever into the hearts of those who delight in the "form of Godliness but deny the power. The babies cried, the devil stood aghast, God's soldiers danced, the hallelujah fire escapes were hoisted, but the sinners failed to flee from their wickedness. In spite of Lofty's earnest pleadings, Bruno's salvation talk, and Captain Manton's red hot shots, the majority of the people went out in a body as we went into the prayer meeting.

God settled down on the night meeting. It was so very wet that the crowd was not large, but those who came enjoyed it. Pen fails to describe this meeting. Capt. Cunningham and Lofty spoke with great power, as did Miss Mansfield and the other members of the band.

Coming home in the cars the next morning we had some singing in which an old methodist gentleman heartily joined.

Our first outing had been a great success and we thanked God for it. Though tired in body, our souls were never better, and our love for Headquarters and our work never deeper. We love the Army and mean to stand by its first divine principles. Look out for us, other stations. I should like to say that we very much appreciate the company, council, and advice of our "Daddy" Manton. God bless him.

Capt. Turner and Lieut. Bailey are in for thrashing the devil. Boys, do something desperate for God.

ONE OF 'EM.

A Contrast.

BY G——, OAKVILLE, ONT.

I.

A commotion in the yard attached to a prominent hotel, in a Canadian town, over the discovery of the body of one of the employees, the hostler, who died suddenly. The coroner is summoned, and an investigation finds that death resulted from a fit brought on by over indulgence in intoxicating liquor. His features are horribly distorted, and those who gaze on him shudder at the sight. Once he was a respected man of the town, but the drink demon dragged him down till of late years his only ambition seemed to be to satisfy his appetite for drink; and so shattered was his system with it that, as he stood at the bar and conveyed the blighting draught to his lips, his hand would tremble like a leaf. Next day the body was laid in the tomb. But his soul! What about his soul? His soul for which Jesus died, and which has to spend an endless eternity! Let us draw the curtain.

II.

The September sun is shining brightly in the windows of a Canadian home where a S. A. soldier lies dying. She is the mother of a family, noted for her piety and self-sacrificing spirit. As she was leaving the barracks a few nights before, in speaking to another Christian lady about the heedless, careless multitudes in sin around, she remarked about the necessity there was for being in earnest about their souls' salvation. Little did she realize that her work was so nearly finished. But "He doeth all things well," and she passed away leaving a bright testimony behind that she has gone to be with him Him for ever. At her memorial service, her husband, who was also a grand S. A. soldier, in his testimony, asked, "Who will be the next?" Two days afterwards he, too, was stricken down with the same illness, and not being able to get to the meetings sent his testimony by the Captain, saying he was ready to go, and telling the unsaved not to put off their soul's salvation to a dying hour. He, too, passed away in a few days, leaving the bright assurance behind of a happy eternity.

Oh! the lessons to be learned from the foregoing! The poor hotel employee dying with no hope for eternity, and filling a pauper's grave! On the other hand, the S.A. Christian mother sweeping through the gates triumphantly, followed shortly after by her husband.

Cuttings Culled

BY OUR

Cadet Collegians.

A Brantford lass says "A Salvationist's aim is the glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom."

Reader, are you a Salvationist? If you are not one—if you are not living for His glory and His Kingdom, what is your life worth?

Sinners have been coming to the fountain, and God has been putting them right. The Brantford lasses rejoice at the sight of SEVEN for pardon, as well as others for cleansing during during the week.

Yes, no doubt about it, the H.T.B. report good times; but so can the B.T.H. Why? Because, from victory unto victory they, by His grace, go on. They are in for showing their colors, and winning souls for Jesus.

An old man who bought a CRY last week, thanked the Lord for raising up a people who were willing to dress neat and plain. We think he was right in doing so, and, moreover, we praise the Lord because it's so nice to do all—to eat, to drink and to dress in His honor. Hallelujah!

Sometimes the people tell their opinion about us in a way that is very amusing. For instance, "If you had followed the advice of your parents, you would be holding *a more respectable position than selling War Crys*." Dear, dear! And we can't make them understand that every fond ambition is gone; that we are not seeking "position;" that our joy is in winning souls by any means.

"The night cometh when no one can work," says our Master. We are keeping this in mind, and making a practical application of it, believing that to be "diligent in business"—scrubbing the T. H. floors or selling CRYS, etc.—will produce double the effect that could be accomplished in any other way.

By the way, I find the people who are successful in business for themselves are those who go about it as if they meant to do something. Now, why should we expect the Lord's work to grow beneath our touch if we do not put some heart and "go" into our efforts.

I fancy that loving the Lord with all our strength is the same as putting heart into our work for Him.

Yes, there they both were—happy and free, with the love of God in their souls! And yet, not so very long ago, one sold the soul-cursing liquor over the bar to the other who was possessed with burning desire for it. The Lion of Judah had broken the chains of both, and they sat together in the "courts of the Lord," praising Him, and we were there to rejoice with them.

Glory to Jesus! A lad who had been in the House of God only four times in his life, came out to the penitent form weeping and praying for pardon. He got "well saved," we believe, and when asked if he would be true, his reply was, "See if I aint!"

SANCTIFIED JOY

— IN A —

PRAYER MEETING

What a marked difference there appears to be between professed "warriors of the Bleeding Lamb."

It was a powerful and hallowed influence that beat over the vast crowd, and as we went into the prayer meeting it seemed so hard to believe for anything but souls. I observed several things though that sent me away to wonder-land. No sooner had the prayer meeting commenced than I noticed first one, and then another make their exit and proceed home, or some where else, and I thought while it was quite necessary for some to do so, why did so many run from the most important and interesting part of that Sunday night's meeting. Another glance, and even worse. I see, one, who a few minutes before occupied a place on the platform, seated in the audience, while the faithful pray.

But to return to the faithful and anxious groupe in the prayer meeting. How they wrestled with the powers of heaven, and as we unitedly took told of the horns of the altar, it seemed impossible to think of anything like defeat, and yet they sat unmoved, shall I say? nay, but alas, undecided, and the meeting closed, yet we lingered if perchance even yet a soul may be led to return and cry for pardon.

A few moments more and he is at the penitent-form crying for mercy. We went to pray, but had to rejoice, our souls broke forth in praise to God. The power of the Holy Spirit came upon us, and the poor man was set free, and as he rose to his feet was heard to remark, "Oh, it has been a long road. For fourteen years I have been troubled, but God never allowed me to go unnoticed, and here I am to-night. I am going to trust God in the future." What a victory! Heaven rejoiced, hell sent up a murmur at the defeat, while we danced for joy.

As for myself, I wended my way home rejoicing and praising God and praying that the vessel might be enlarged. Tell me, reader, is this not sanctified joy?

CALIGRAPH.

SHALL WE SEE THEM?

20,000 Precious Souls in Six Months.

THIS IS OUR DESIRE

PRAIRIE BATTLES!

Leaving Kamloops we enter the Rocky Mountains again, and after 22 hours in the cars, reached Calgary. The meetings had been well announced and every night the hall was crowded. The war is real in this place, but victory is coming, comrades.

Moose Jaw next, after another long journey. A little soldiers' banquet is first on the list. Of course a large crowd of children came, after which we held a meeting with them. Thursday night we were pleased to welcome Dr. McLean, Methodist minister, on the platform. He stated it was his first opportunity of speaking in an S. A. meeting, and bade us God-speed. At the close ONE SOUL came for pardon. Friday night, in spite of the storm, a large crowd was present. Our train left at 9:30, so we had to rush out of the prayer meeting, but not before we had the privilege of seeing ONE at the penitent-form. The Holiness meetings in this place were a help to the soldiers, I believe. Go in for holiness, Moose Jaw comrades.

All night on the train and we reach Brandon next morning. It was a pleasant surprise to see a crowd of soldiers at the depot, especially quite a number of lasses (a treat indeed in these parts). After a march through the town we reached Mother Goodings, a real S.A. home.

Sunday especially was a beautiful day, spiritually. At knee Drill and Holiness meetings the power and glory seemed to come straight down on us. At night the beautiful barracks, was crowded and FOUR SOULS came to the penitent-form. Then we thought it was hardly fair to let the angels do all the rejoicing so we did our share too, in fact it seemed as if heaven had come down into the Brandon barracks. The meeting closed at 12 o'clock, a large crowd remaining till the very last. Monday night seemed just a continuation of the previous night. Three of those at the penitent-form the night before testified and at the close ANOTHER SOUL sought salvation. Hallelujah!

Early next morning a party of soldiers and ourselves started out for a sleigh drive of 22 miles to Rapid City. By the time we got 10 miles we were very glad to get into a farm house and get warm, for a bitter north wind sweeping over the prairie is not very genial.

Rapid City is reached in time for a march and Holiness meeting. This place has a big name, perhaps it will be a city some day. At night a fair crowd was present. Several officers took part in the meeting and a blessed time was spent.

Minnedosa next, they call this the N. W. Training Home, so I was quite anxious to arrive there. The Capt. had been out visiting about 30 miles on horse-back and had brought back a supply of food. Not a very large crowd at night, but Jesus was with us.

Next day another long drive to Neepawa. We stayed at the house of Brother B—— for some refreshments. They told us that he got saved through a soldier visiting him and to-day he is a real Salvationist himself. At Neepawa we found they were having big times, banquet, etc.

Saturday another drive of 32 miles and we reach Carberry. The Lord gave us good meetings here, especially on Sunday night when the barracks was filled to overflowing, and ONE SOUL in the fountain.

N. BANKS,
Staff-Capt.

SOLDIERS, you are expected to do something in the Soul Boom.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.]

Booth's bedside. Staff-Capt. Fry, who has already summoned the Chief and the Commandant, announces that Mrs. Booth has been seized with violent coughing, and shows other symptoms of serious danger. The paroxysm of pain, however, happily did not last long, for by the time Commissioner Railton and I had reached the house, she had rallied and was calm again.

But the alarm had been the occasion for a scene not to be easily forgotten. It was the first gathering of loving hearts to watch the struggle with death. It was the meeting of father, sons, and daughters for the stilling of death's river by prayer, and faith, and song. In the stillness of the gloomy chamber, the broken voice of the General was just discernible, pleading for the promised presence of the Great Comforter, six of the eight sons and daughters stood or knelt with anxious gaze fixed upon the features that already seemed to have caught the first reflection of a brighter light and a better country. Then the thin worn hand is raised—the hand that has emphasized so many a heavy charge from the platform, and wielded its pen to so far-reaching an advantage—and through the waiting ear of the General, we are all commended to God, and while heart rises, with heart to speak unutterable things to a loving Father, voice is blended with voice in the song, slow, and sweet, and tremulous—

"Victory for me,
Through the blood of Christ, my Saviour."

But the color is mounting again to the pale features, the pulse quickens, and the crisis is past.

I returned a little later to find Mrs. Booth easier, and had not been long in conversation with Staff-Capt. Fry, who has been with the General everywhere lately, when Colonel Clibborn arrived from Switzerland, hurrying to the bedside of our dear leader. He was very tired, having just come out of prison. He had spent two almost sleepless nights on the boards of the lock-up in the police station, and in a cell of the Geneva gaol, followed by a night journey to Paris. In reply to our enquiries he gave some stirring news of the meetings, of mighty Holy Ghost power they have been having in Geneva in the midst of the persecution, and how our comrades there stand to their guns.

While the Colonel is taking off his coat, Staff-Capt. Fry told me how much he was impressed with Mrs. Booth's concern for others. "She often asks me," he said, "if I have all I want, and tells me how sorry she is she cannot do more for my comfort. She always likes me to say something to her when I creep into the room on the General's business."

"How did you leave the Marechale, Colonel?"

"Quite unfit to travel, and very anxious. She longs to be here. I am charged with messages of love from her to her dear mother. We all feel her great sufferings very intensely."

Dec. 15th, 11 a.m.—"I shall never forget this night," said the Field Commissioner, as I met her on the landing outside Mrs. Booth's room. "Mamma has not slept a moment all night. Hemorrhage has set in four times, and she has been perfectly unconscious. Oh, such a night!—such a night!"

She had no time to tell me more. Mrs. Booth was needing her, and the doctor calls. I overheard the General ask some questions about the hemorrhage. The doctor was not able to console the General in taking a hopeful view of Mrs. Booth. Her bleeding was arterial, and in these moments of hemorrhage, there was cause for the greatest fear. I was astonished to see the beautiful self-restraint and fortitude of the dear General while listening to these sad words.

12 Noon.—I was able just to go into Mrs. Booth's room, at her request. She is very weak. So prostrated! She took my hand and we silently gazed at each other, then my eyes suffused with tears, and in smothered sobs I tried to tell her how much I owed to her.

"You must follow out in your life every true and holy conviction," she said. "I am so sorry to leave you—not for my own, but for your sakes; but I shall be near you all. Yes, I shall be near."

This room is darkened, and the simplest possible furniture relieves its spare appearance. A little frame containing the verse, "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine!" stands against the wall before her eyes; this is the only adornment, with the one important exception of the Army flag. It surmounts her bed, its folds sometimes touching, with the red, yellow and blue, the dear, suffering form of her whose life is well nigh spent in the struggle to uplift it.

The absence of earthly brilliance is not, however, noticeable. In fact, any such manifestation would be but poor tinsel in a sanctuary where the Divine Presence is so surely realized.

Some of her sayings, in these last moments, are very striking and touching. Mrs. Booth-Tucker, her constant nurse, companion, and more than ever her daughter in this hour of supreme suffering, I met on the stairs, and asked her to give the readers of the CRY the benefit of some of our dear mother's dying words. "Well," she replied, "there are so many. I remember her saying, however, 'We were talking of the people the other evening, and she exclaimed, "Oh, the poor, poor people! You see, they are like Job and David, they expect prosperity in this world, and they don't understand."'

"I heard her say, while delirious—for mamma was delirious for five hours on Friday night—'You see the beginning of my life was much the same as theirs, striving and struggling to know, to know God's way in dealing with the people.'

"Then, again, 'It's not the machinery, but the *Spirit* . . . yet how foolish they are—the machinery is the *engine*.'

"Her belief in the improvability of human nature and her desire to encourage everybody, comes out even in her delirious moments. That was always such a strong trait in her character.

"I remember her saying, referring to some one she must have been imagining, 'Never mind, if she is only a poor little lass, don't discourage her—don't discourage *anybody*. God acts on the principle that there is mercy and work for *all*.'

"Still delirious, she murmured:

"'Do the best you can—that's been poor God's way from the first.'

"Then, quite conscious, and amidst terrible anguish, she uttered in the dead of the night, 'I cast myself on God—I must—I, *do*—and over the past, and into the present, and for the future, I *trust*, I *trust*, I TRUST.'

"The pain and anguish increasing, she said, 'Oh, Lord!—there's mercy in you, mercy in you, mercy in you for *me*.'

"Her pain at one time became so fiery as to again render her insensible. She was thinking of the hospitals. The POOR and 'others' have always been so present with her in her illness, and at all times whether conscious or delirious she is overwhelmed with pity for the inmates of hospitals. 'Somebody ought to go through them,' she exclaimed on one occasion, '*through* them, and *remove* everybody they meet who hasn't *sympathy*.'

"In her *worst* bouts she talks most, and constantly of the sufferings of the poor. 'Oh,' she said once, 'if it's so bad for *me*, with all this attention, what must it be for the *blessed suffering poor!* . . . Oh! I *would* like to do somethime for their wounds and miseries before I *die*.' She had always hoped that God would use even her very malady to alleviate the suffering cancer world by enabling her to discover some remedy for its cure."

On Saturday morning, Dec. 14th, there was a violent bleeding, and the General, Miss Eva, Miss Lucy, Capt. Carr and I stood around her bed. The General kneeling and holding her hand. She said, "I'd like the window open," adding with unselfish thought, "but you will all catch cold." . . . Then with tears, she said with great difficulty, "You mustn't doubt but that it is all for the best. It's been *hard* for me to come to it, because o' leaving you all . . . . "I've felt it for your sakes." Her eyes rested, and she looked at us all tenderly once more.

3:30, Sunday, December 15th.—Hemorrhage and coughing set in, and, fearing a fatal ending, we were all summoned for the second time to her bedside. It was a solemn sight. The General, as usual, was kneeling with his hand upon the pulse of his wife. The Chief stood close by supporting his mother's head, while the Commandant, Commissioner Railton, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, Miss Eva, and Miss Lucy took up positions where a view of their mother's face might be obtained. I can never forget the impression produced on my mind when we tried to sing,

"I'm believing and receiving
While I to the river go.
And my heart its waves are cleansing
Whiter than the driven snow."

How little must the Commandant have thought as he made this and other songs—often composed in moments of great, internal struggles and with a jaded brain—that they would be those sung to cheer his mother's dying hours. We prayed and sang, while she struggled on with the choking sensation that now set in. The General, amid his own and our sobs, could be heard crying, "Oh God, help just now, help my darling!" God did, and we sang

"I'm clinging to the cross,"

and

"To Thy cross I come, Lord."

and her face became peaceful once more. She asked for some fresh air, and then, the General's feelings overcoming him, we all left the room to pray *in the General's office*—the General's office! A humbler room does not exist in my knowledge. I could not help saying to myself as I entered, "Could not a little more comfortable room be found for the man who has the burden of the world upon his shoulders?" Then I remembered Jesus, and I thought that would be the sort of room He would live in. It resembled a moveable headquarters, such as you read about in Napoleon's wars and Washington's camps—a rough deal table covered with papers, a few books for reference, a bed in a corner with the General's rug thrown over it, making it answer *for bed or couch*, a slip of carpet, and pigeon holes filled with letters and documents, neatly tied up, complete the apartment, where often, during intervals of respite in the suffering of his beloved wife, business of the most momentous importance is done. Commissioner Railton, who of course occupies the same place of strengthful love now as he has ever done in the past crises and sorrows of the family, is alway ready with a batch of foreign affairs or home business whenever the General and Chief can give their united attention. The war cannot stop.

Such is the General's vigor of mind and noble restraint that he is able to transact business with a broken heart. Sometimes his feelings and the memories of a happy, united life for thirty-seven years, however, are too strong for him, and he retires. This is the most painful sight of all; it is the uncontrollable love and grief of a very strong nature, and they seize his heart like a storm seizes a forest tree. Dear General! He will value the prayers of the humblest. It is for him, after all, that our sympathies should especially flow, for wife, counsellor, companion, and home are momentarily slipping from his grasp.

5 p.m.—Mrs. Booth has a few words to say to Mrs. Oliphant, who goes in to bid her good-bye.

Mrs. Booth: "I am so glad to see you. You have been very ill. Where is the baby? Why did you not bring it?"

Mrs. Oliphant: "I thought you would be too ill."

Mrs. Booth: "Oh! bring the baby!"

The baby is brought, and Mrs. Booth touches its face and smiles for the first time to-day, adding "*She's all right*," and placing her hand upon her head she blessed her under the colors.

Mrs. Oliphant (weeping, standing beside Mrs. Booth-Tucker): "I will train her for God and the war, dear Mrs. Booth. You can rely on me and I will fight on till I see you again."

"Yes *do*, Celestine; you know what you have tasted of God, teach her that, and stand by your husband—men require the counsel and strength of a woman's love and strength. Stand by him firmly. Don't let any doctrine move you from the way you know is right. Go on, and I will meet you in the morning . . . . I'll meet you in the morning!"

5.30.—Mrs. Booth is restful and a little freer from pain. Her faith and calmness shine out above ours. She asks for the colors to be hoisted. We erect them just over her head, Staff-Capt. Sturgess holding them and Major Oliphant tying them.

The General: "There they are, darling, the colors are over you."

Mrs. Booth: "Let me feel them."

Miss Eva guides her hand to them, and she remarks "Blood-and-fire! A most appropriate motto to the life I have lived! It has been a severe fight!"

The General: "Yes, blood-and-fire; only another word should be added, darling, blood-and-fire, and victory."

Mrs. Booth: "I'll fight on still . . . I won't give in."

(The General, very much broken in voice): "That's right, my love, hold on a bit longer—you are going to fight it out and have the victory. Here is Sturgess, darling."

Staff-Capt. Sturgess presses her hand to his lips, while she says, "Thank you for all your trouble. If we are allowed to go about in heaven, I'll be very near Headquarters, especially when you are in trouble. I'll have the advantage of the devil then, when I am out of this poor body, which has been such a clog to me for years."

Major Oliphant: "We have hoisted the colors once again."

Mrs. Booth: "Next time I see them I shall be looking DOWN instead of up—above the smoke of trouble and sorrow."

Mrs. Booth, still feeling better, asked to see Commissioner Railton. What she said to him was simply personal, but he was good enough to give me this:—

Commissioner Railton, talking of his children, said: "My second son, Nat, is a saint."

Mrs. Booth: "Well, children's saintship is very much that of their parents, still I believe in it. Tell David (who said he knew Mrs. Booth was going to heaven) that I shall watch for him there." David is the Commissioner's first son, a boy of five years of age.

She repeated to the Commissioner what she repeated to nearly everyone who was privileged to get a message from her, that she would be thinking about us all in heaven.

Later on the Chief's baby boy came in, and she was pleased with its growth, and touched it and smiled fondly on it. The children and the poor have such a big place always in her big heart.

Someone stood on the chair to draw the blind down. "Mind," she said, "that is Army property you're standing on!"

Even death could not make her forgetful of the Army's interests!

Then a moment of agony seized her, and she cried,

"O, Lord, I have a practical fight!"

"Yes, Mamma," said the Commandant, "and you are having a practical victory."

Tuesday morning, December 17th.—Mrs. Booth has passed a quieter night. There is a slight change for the better, and a temporary respite from the frightful pain. The sudden return of vitality is, however, most remarkable and unexpected. Every one is hoping that it may last, that the few remaining hours of life may be free from the terrible strain of anguish with which Mrs. Booth has battled so long. We fear, however, that this absence from pain is the fatal indicator that so often accompanies the end in cancer cases. But hour after hour we hope on.—From the English *Cry.*

WAR NOTES!

Life,

Death,

Resurrection.

War, wisdom, warriors,

Sinners are dead; they want life.

A great resurrection among the dead is needed.

This means war; soldiers must have God's wisdom, and holy warriors are needed.

I have been scanning the horizon, and there seems to be signs of great coming events in the near future. What will they be?

Well, I don't know many of the secrets, 'tis true, but I do know that our dear Commissioner will shortly visit the Toronto City Corps, and what a hallelujah shake-up there will be.

Then I should like to tell you who is the new Chief Secretary, and who takes charge of the Far West, and who will be married, but it happens that just as I write, I am totally ignorant of all these new moves.

However, no doubt somebody else who knows more of the future, will tell you, either in this CRY or in the next. But whatever changes there may be, take them as from God. He doeth all things well.

I hear, too, that this new Mixed Musical Band is quite a success, and that at the few places they have visited souls have been blessed and saved. It is composed of some of Headquarters' Staff. God bless the boys and girls.

Staff-Capt. Leighton is visiting some of the stations in behalf of the J. S. war. It would be well for every father and mother to watch his movements on page 16, and then go and hear him. I learn that things look bright and prosperous for the childrens' salvation. Hallelujah!

I believe they had big times during the farewell of Col. and Mrs. Bailey, and the appointing of the new Chief and Field Secretaries. No doubt somebody will be reporting these meetings next week.

I must congratulate D. O. Bolton on his rapid rise in the CRY competition. Then the Editorial Department has done well this week by showing us the position of the different D. O.'s as they climb the WAR CRY mountain. Look out, Major Margetts.

I am glad to note on page 15 a letter from a Yankee captain, who was formerly a resident of Toronto. God bless Him in his work at Omaha, Neb. The Canucks pray for his success. I was glad to note in the American CRY that he sells 200 copies of that paper at his station.

The picture on page 1 of this issue is very attractive, and I feel confident that every reader will be interested in the account of a short time spent around dear Mrs. Booth's sick bed. Pray! pray!! pray!!! that God will be very precious to her.

Don't forget to read, "The devil's portrait," "The General's letter," "Two death-bed scenes," "Sinners' column," and if you want to know how the war is going on in Newfoundland please read "Newfoundland Snacks." Do you know who "Jolly" is? Guess!

Then I believe there is to be an officer appointed at Headquarters to look after the "Great soul boom." I am very thankful for this, as up to the present not half of the souls have been reported. Don't fail to send along a post card, comrades. Let every soul be taken note of.

WAR SCRIBE.

SOLDIERS, you are expected to do something in the **Soul Boom.**

A Bitter Cry

WHAT DRINK DOES!

MY DEAR WIFE,—

May God forgive me, I am tired of life! The whole cause brought on through DRINK! I am a wretched man, no more hope for me, poor miserable wretch that I am. I have tried to take my own life, but am a coward. For the way I have treated you, may God forgive me! I also beg your forgiveness, and pray you will be happy in the future and bring up the dear children in the path of righteousness and in the fear of the Lord, whom I have neglected. May drink be a warning to others. Here am I with a good, virtuous wife and five children; with all my hopes and prospects blighted with the DEMON DRINK when I might now be in a position to be respected. I see no hope left to do what is right. You have deserted me, my own wife, the children miserable, looked down upon by every one, hopes all blasted, my brain on fire, hell is before me which would be a happy change. *May God have mercy on my poor soul!*

THE DEVIL'S PORTRAIT

BY COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

To hear some people talk nowadays one would really believe that the devil has ceased to exist. All that the Bible says about him as being a "murderer from the beginning," "the father of lies," the "adversary" of mankind and God, is all relegated to the domain of fabledom.

Outside the ranks of the Salvation Army there is but little belief in the devil's existence. He's not much talked about, not much feared, not much hated, almost respected! Has he changed his nature? Has he repented? Has he got saved? Is he at least improving? May we have some hope that he is about to turn over a new leaf, and that he may even yet become a candidate for heavenly honors? Not a bit of it! He is the same—nay, worse. Worse than the worst Bible pictures of him, though the hallelujah artists painted him up in black enough colors in their own days. Worse by hundreds of years of infamy and crime. More dangerous because he is more desperate—more desperate because he sees his end is near.

If it were really true that he doesn't exist, and is not to be dreaded, then we ought to know it, for what a lot of trouble we might save ourselves. If there were no devil we might disband the Salvation Army to-morrow. Anyhow, we might take it ever so much easier. What folly to be fighting against an enemy who does not exist, or who has been converted into a friend, or who has removed. If, on the other hand,

The Original Bible Devil

is as big and as bad and as dangerous as ever—if he still goes about "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," it can't be too important that we should realize it to the full and act accordingly. Let it be a cardinal point of our creed—"I believe in the existence of the devil and mean to fight him till I die." Why not? We know there is a God. How? By his wonderful and beautiful works, both outside us and inside us. Even so the devil may be judged by his works. Were ever crime and misery and sin more aggravated than they are to-day? Are not we surrounded with evidences of the devil's handiwork? I go into a house. Everything is spic and span. A Bible lies on the table, and a hallelujah bonnet and a soldier's cap adorn the walls. Joy and peace are stamped upon each countenance. It was not always so. A few years back the cupboard was empty, the wife and children in rags, misery reigned supreme. What a change! You ask the secret. "Christ is in and the devil turned out!" No wonder they at least believe in the devil. Anyhow, the belief has done a deal of good, and they can say a proper "Amen" to the part of the Lord's prayer, when it comes to "deliver us from the wicked one" (the devil, it might very well be translated straight).

Well, it's a doctrine of the Salvation Army, and there can be no doubt it's a doctrine of the Bible, and a doctrine to which Christ set His own seal. But even in the Salvation Army I've been wondering of late whether we sufficiently live out its truth, and whether it is not to many more of a head than heart belief. Hence the idea occurred to me that it might be well for me to take some nineteenth century photographs of the great enemy of our souls, hoping that by understanding him better we might all be inspired to fight him harder than ever before, and being delivered from his clutches ourselves, we might exert ourselves better to rescue others who are still enslaved by him.

The Devil at Home.

No need for disguise there. See him stand at the mouth of the bottomless pit, welcoming the souls he has helped to damn. The mask of Pleasure and the tawdry tinsel of Avarice and Ambition are flung aside for the time, and he stands there in all his hideousness counting up his victims with bloodthirsty eagerness. There is no need to deceive them now. No bribes are required. He hurries them to their damnation, and reminds them that they have made their own choice, they have damned themselves, and now there is nothing for them but "everlasting burnings," and for the smoke of their torment to ascend forever. Aye, he looks horrible indeed. Haven't you sometimes seen a face with wickedness stamped upon its every line, till you shrunk back and felt thankful for the protection of the law and the shelter of your home? Think if you, or your children, were the slaves of such a man! You shudder at the very thought. No money would buy you to accept such slavery. And yet there are tens of thousands who have sold themselves to the tyrants of hell, have been bought with a few spacious hollow promises, have sold themselves into slavery to a tyrant infinitely worse than any human creature thrt ever walked this earth. Count up the abominations of the murderer, the robber and the libertine, add them together, and you have a picture of the Barabbas of hell, whom the world to this day prefers before its spotless Saviour, and to whom each sinner, for some trifling mess of pottage, sells his immortal soul of his own free choice to-day, in spite of the warnings of God and the tender pleadings of the Gospel. Disbelieve the picture, if you like—shut your eyes to it while you can; the day is coming when each sinner shall have an awful awakening! But oh, rather look the facts in the face now while there is a chance of escape!

The Devil Abroad!

How changed! You wouldn't recognize him! You might even imagine that he was taking a holiday in hell and had left earth altogether for a time! But look! Some way distant from the yawning mouth of the pit, where sinners enter, you see a back-door open. Someone steps out, nothing particularly terrible about him at all—a fine, amiable-looking gentleman, that you might imagine he had got into hell by some mistake, and was being released, save that he seems quite at home and on such friendly terms with the fiendish porter who lets him out, and with whom he pauses for a few minutes' friendly chat!

"Look yonder," says he, pointing to the myriads streaming in at the open gates. "I have got a plan here (tapping his forehead) for doubling the numbers within the next twelve months. Aye, if it weren't for that Salvation Army, I could get the whole lot damned within a few years."

"Ah, that Army!" says the porter. "I heard you got a nasty cut from them only a few days back. That General and his fanatic horde keep you at it harder than you've had to work for years past. Well, good luck to you, and may you fare better this time!"

Yes, you can see it is the same devil, only, of course, got up for the occasion. He can only damn souls by tempting them, and he could not tempt them if he went to them in his true colors. Imagine Jack the Ripper telling any one his name and errand! No, no! shoes whose slightest footfall cannot be heard, clothes which are carefully altered to remove suspicion, plans suited to baffle the vigilance of the public and the police—that is how he works, and that is how the master and leader acts. Yet in this case we have no excuse—for the mystery of iniquity has been unravelled, the police of heaven are prepared to deliver us, and the Arm of Omnipotence to defend. If we perish, we have none to blame except ourselves. But watch him now.

The devil at Court.

Was ever a more assiduous courtier—a more polite politician? No wonder he wins his way, and is so readily received. Here is a plan all fresh from hell for the destruction of a thousand people at a stroke! What a grand discovery! How all the crowned heads of Europe eagerly rush forward to buy it off him at any price! He is so impartial! They can all have it! There is a long price to pay, it is true. More money must be raised, more taxes imposed! But what of that? All Europe groans beneath a fresh burden, and takes another leap towards the bankruptcy, of war, of wholesale murder, and of suicide. You turn sadly from the picture. Truly the devil has not improved at court. Beneath that flimsy mask it is not so hard, after all, to discover his real self, nor is he so different to that picture we first saw at the gates of hell.

The War Devil.

If handsome uniform, gaudy decorations, and high-sounding titles could conceal his identity, you would be completely baffled. You are puzzled as you behold in him now the unselfish patriot who is willing to risk his life for his country's honor, but who in return, mark you, expects to receive all the favors that a grateful nation can shower upon him. It's curious, too, that he has established his headquarters next door, you may say, to the cathedrals of Christianity. Europe—Christian Europe—extends to him the right of fellowship, and sanctions his proposals for the destruction of millions who have never had any quarrel with each other, save that they happen to have been born on two different sides of a stream or mountain. Watch him at his task of sowing suspicion, hatred, greed, ambition between nations who might live together in peace and prosperity. Truly he is not a bit improved. Years ago the poet said,

"War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at!"

And yet it goes on, and thousands fall down willingly at the feet of the war demon and accept him as their king. God is voted out of His throne—at least He would be if that were possible. The kingdom of peace is branded as one of folly. Wholesale slaughter is a nation's glory. Vice sits on virtue's throne, and wrong, if it be only strong enough, triumphs over right. The idea of a national tribunal to settle international disputes is scouted as impossible, and all Christendom is turned into one vast armory that must indeed be the sorrow of heaven and the delight of hell. Truly, judging by his works, the existence of the devil is fully proved, and the absence of any hope of improvement on his part becomes an established fact. There is nothing for it but for him to be dethroned, and his works of darkness caused to cease. Salvation soldiers, prepare for the conflict! This is no time for looking on!

But I must hurry forward to show him up in some of his other favorite disguises.

The Business Devil.

Here he is the King of a Corner! Thousands sit at home workless, dreadless, while he makes his pile in a few weeks. The tears and groans of the poor do not reach his ears—I was going to say he has none—at least, they have been deaf for years past—plugged with golden stoppers of hell's own manufacture. The devil improved! Don't you hear that father say he would sooner bring up his children to anything else, since it is impossible to be honest in business? Haven't you heard of the epigram written, one may say, on the tombstone of the old Roman Empire, and isn't it just as true of the present age:—

"Get money, money," is the cry!
"Honestly, *if you can*;
If not, no matter how you lie,
'Tis *money makes the man*!"

Has the devil improved then? Not one iota. Let eternal war be waged against him by every true lover of God and man!

The Pleasure Devil.

His wings have been clipped, it is true, of late; or rather, a feather or two have been plucked out here and there, but he can fly still, though sometimes it has now to be in the dark. He has been compelled here and there to go and put on an outside cloak of decency and respectability, to cover the seething iniquity and abomination that lie beneath. But is his heart changed? Not a bit of it! Has he really improved? Why, you might as well talk of purifying the Thames by pouring a bottle of Eau de Cologne into its waters! Something has been done. He has not been fought in vain. His dominions have been invaded, his authority questioned and his slaves set free. Some of his headquarters have been captured and turned into strongholds of salvation. But is HE changed? Who, in his senses, could imagine it? Go and look at the fortress that he holds—examine the fruit for perdition that he manufactures, and judge for yourselves whether there is any trace of his having improved.

The Religious Devil.

My portrait gallery would be incomplete if I were to miss him out. The devil in the pulpit would be an interesting subject for study. Most people seem to assume that he never goes to church, and that as for mounting a pulpit, the very thought is sheer blasphemy! Yes, quite so. They have an idea that the devil can be blasphemed. They treat him as being really a sort of an inferior God! For my part, I wish heartily it were true, that the pulpit at least is free from his invasion. But, alas! from the day he stepped straight out of it to kill righteous Abel, to the day that he thundered from it, "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! We have no king but Cæsar! Not this Man, but Barabbas!" Aye, and from that day to this he has known too well the power of the pulpit to abstain from using it to the utmost in his unholy cause. What better vantage ground from which to throw dust in the people's eyes! Once let him blindfold the shepherds, and the sheep of the flock would fall an easy prey. Is it too much to say that he has captured nine-tenths of the pulpits in Christendom? Anyhow, no one who has studied the subject will doubt for a moment that he has the vast majority under his control, and that he lays down the law, modifies the gospel, and improves (!) religion all round to suit his own idea, and to make the church a ready trap-door to damnation.

You have only to sit in the pew and look and listen for a moment. The minister prides himself on knowing how to make the best of both worlds! He has the reputation of being liberal—more liberal than God Himself, by far. There is no hell in his creed. Damnation is a myth that has been exploded long ago. His God is a caricature of an easy-going magistrate, Who would have been expelled from any human bench with obloquy years ago, and Who, certainly, is not fit to rule the universe! The miracles were phantasies of the human brain, or simple accidents. The devil-possessed hadn't devils at all—that was a figure of speech—they were nothing but epileptics. The gospel was intended to extend a free pardon to all, whether they accept it or not. Everybody would repent and be saved, sooner or later—of course, the sooner the better. Hell was an impossibility for a God of goodness to tolerate; it was another Biblical figure of speech. Hell was hades, and hades was a very decent place to live in. All nonsense about there being an impassable gulf between it and heaven. That might have been before Calvary, but not after. Bridges as safe as those from earth to heaven had been made, and ere long the devil himself—another figure of speech or personification of evil—would be converted, hell emptied, and all be put right.

Who can fail to discover the devil once more with this parody of a gospel cloak flung across his shoulders? "Beware of false prophets, which comes to you in sheeps' clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves!"

It is quite true that the devil can be religious, but it is only that he may better tear real religion to pieces, it is that he may better block the pathway to heaven and open a fresh road to hell. He stepped into an Army barracks the other day to lend the captain a helping hand in keeping out those troublesome "roughs," but beat a retreat when asked if he was saved, and fled precipitately when a ring was being formed round him to get him on his knees for prayer.

It is clear, then, that look at the devil when you will, find him where you may, he is the same as ever. There is no trace of improvement. He has grown worse instead of better. It is no use under-estimating the power and subtlety of this inveterate enemy of God and man. What folly to ignore his very existence? And we, who profess to believe what the Bible says about him, shall not this portrait gallery of the devil's disguises spur us on to attack him everywhere with redoubled vigor?

Up Guards and at Them!

says our great Commander-in-Chief. One word more and I have done—

Heaven and Earth,
God and Man
Expect Every Salvationist
To Do His Duty.
Will You?

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

DRUNKARDS' HOME.

Mrs. Tait, Orillia (per Brig-Capt. Goodall), $1; Miss McDonald, Toronto, a goose; Mr. Burnie, Windsor, Ont. (per Brig-Capt. Goodall), $5; A Friend, Ingersoll, a quilt; M.J., Barrie, parcel of little garments; A Friend, Lippincott street, $1; Mrs. Cuthbertson, Pembrook street, goose; Mrs. Baldwin, Baldwin street, tea and sugar; Mrs. Collins, bread and butter; Mr. Bates, goose; WAR CRY office, turkey; Mr. O. Carpenter, goose; Mr. Chanly, fruit; Mrs. Palmer, Seaton Village, fruit; Miss Dunn, goose; Mr. R. J. Loyde, Yonge street, buns and cakes; Mr. W. J. Lloyd, Yonge street, bread and cakes; Smithfield Market, Queen street, meat; Mr. Crelock, St. Patrick's Market, meat; Mr. Dovner, St. Patrick's Market, meat; Mrs. Goodall, Dovercourt road, oranges and apples; Mr. Norris, Queen street, meat; Mr. Symons, Queen street, meat; Mr. Christie, two barrels of biscuits; Mr. Zurhorst, Yonge street, meat; Mr. Fueritt, Yonge street, meat; Mr. Schmidt, Queen street, bread and buns; Mr. Taylor, Queen street, bread and buns.

JANITORS WANTED!

Wanted!—A man and wife, without encumbrance, to take the janitorship of the Temple and Headquarters offices; must be thorough Salvationists and willing to work day and night. Man must be competent to stoke a boiler. Apply by letter—not personally—to COMMISSIONER, Salvation Temple, Toronto, stating qualifications, references, age and salary required. Fuel, gas and room found on premises.

Victorious!

BY B. J. G.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."—Dan. xii. 3.

Tired and weary with the conflict,
 Burdened with the weight of souls,
To their cottage walked the lasses
 Through the night air, bleak and cold.

All seemed dark, for in their coffers
 There was not much earthly store,
And the friends whom they could trust in;
 Though so willing, were but poor.

In the barracks few had gathered
 To hear the words of Gospel truth,
They seemed careless and indifferent
 To the words of love they spoke.

Some of those who once had promised
 To their colors to be true
To-day had yielded to the tempter,
 Obeyed when he had said, "This do."

Therefore, they, in condemnation
 Sat all through the meeting long,
Never speaking for that Jesus
 Who had bid them to Him come.

And although the lasses labored,
 Prayed, and talked, and sang, and wept,
Though some did seem quite convicted,
 Failed salvation to accept.

"It seems hard," said the Lieutenant,
 As they reach their little home,
"That the sinners seem so careless,
 So determined in sin to roam.

"I don't wish to leave the conflict,
 But I really feel I must,
For I cannot bear the trials
 That each day on me are thrust."

Then the Captain, whose own heart
 Was getting sad and sore,
For to-day in her listening ear
 Many sad stories had been poured.

Said: "My lassie just remember
 Your vows made not long ago,
When the Cross was the attraction,
 You will not forsake it now.

Did you not expect some suffering
 And the way not always bright?
Can you not trust our dear Leader?
 Walk in faith when not by sight.

It is He that overcometh,
 Endures to the end, is true,
To the spirit's conscious dictates,
 Obeys the voice of God right through.

Let us now before our Father
 At His throne fresh courage seek.
I am sure that our dear Jesus
 Will strength to your faint heart speak.

That forever you shall banish
 Thoughts by the dark tempter given,
Determine never to cease fighting
 Till you cross death's stream for heaven."

And before the Throne our lasses
 Knelt and gave themselves to God,
Knowing if the way brought darkness,
 It is but the path He trod.

Then the hosts of hell's dark legions
 Driven back—a conquered band;
Our dear lassies are victorious,
 Forever by His grace they'll stand.

What, tho' sinners' hearts are hardened,
 Difficulties rise both thick and fast,
If they only share His cross here
 They shall shine with Him at last.

PAT'S PICKINS.

The top o' the mornin t' yes. Shur an Misthur Edithur, its mesel that's plazed t' no yo' onor me so mush be consintin' t' lit me hav a smal corner in yo'r valubl and cherin salvashun paper, in fuch t' mak none t' me cumrads a fu things fuch yo ar plased t' titl pat's pickins. Wil me cumrads jist hould on til Oi tel yo. In the fursht plac Oi musht praze the swet Lord for savin me soul from dhrink an the divil in al shads, Glory halehuja. Next that kan Oi say with regrd t' the wondherful arma, fuch Oi am doloyted t' sa Oi fourm a part ov, lit id be enuf fur al thin Oi assurt its gron loik a pratie in rank sile, flurishin al roun, not onle in Kanede, but in al quarthers av the glob, an shur this ejakulashun brings t' me mind the fact that we is becum a warld wid famle acros th brod osen. In inju is sum av our bruthrs an sisthurs fitin unther the ould flag, yonther in Astrayla is our mush esthemed cumrad Sthaf-Kaptn Mos, Thin in the ould cuntry is that orather Sthaf-Kaptn McHardy, an from al quarthers kums the news ov thryumf kontinuale; an now the tel me the wan the kol mager laves hed qarthers, (I mane the man wid the hi forhed an shlightly scharlet fuskers) an gos t' tak charg av that the kol a divisin sumwher in our glorus dimin. Thin wud yo belave id the sa the wan the kol chif o' sthaf an sumtims ourlin or sumthin lik that, is undher orthurs for Ingland, now he got bak a difrat man, luk at the fuskrs he has, an shur whin he kum he had non, thin a wif an chil, if ye plaze, t' tak bak t' Ingland, for I dont he wont lave thim here afther him, thin besht av al he gos a betther man spiritaly an I'm shur betther prepaired t' foite for God, anyhow the al hav me best wishs an prars that the ma do moity things for God, and finaly shine wid Him in glore.

A word for the nu arivls shur the nu Kumishnur is jusht a tip top chap jusht the cind t' shuv things thru. The nal was sthruck on the hed whin he kum to Kanede, thin fhot wil Oi sa about the nu adjhunt, I think the kol him (fhot quare nams the giv thim) wel, I'm shur he is a miraclus musishuer plas any insthrimint yo kan giv him, an sings lik a lark on a kler day or a nitingal, its in the ould sad thim party cingn burds is yo must no, and now a word av cher for al parnts what has childer, fur isnt Sthaf-Kaptn Laten kum t' run the junr sojrs war, an I tel yes he is the rit man in th rit place, an shur thers anuther has kum, the kol him Mager too, Oi beleve, jugin from his aperanc, he is a spritly bit ov humanty, howiver Oi thrust him an al ov thim wil be a wondherful impetus to the work ov God, an that the ould divil wil be dound ivery toim, wel, wel, fhot a toim ov change this is t' be shur, who wil be nixt t' mov, anyhow evry wan be in preprashun fur shur who nos but it mite be thim nixt, so al lok out, iv Oi no orthurs is kummin for yo, I'l tel you if I kan, so you wont be surprized when yo her id, amah. Shur Oi kud sa a lot mor but Oi dhred the Misthur Edithurs shers and waste papr baskit, so Oi wil now mak me bow to al an withdraw mesel afthur me furst figrn an me inthroduxion piec.

Yours, PAT.

New Year's Day

At Lisgar Street.

According to announcement, Staff-Capt. Read and Capts. Friderich and Cowan, were to the front for a real old-timer.

When your humble servant arrived on the scene, the banquet was in full swing. My! what a sight greeted my eyes. Three or four tables, full length of the barracks, just creaking under the load of provisions of almost every descriptions, but as time passed by, the burden was effectively lifted from the tables by the many soldiers and friends, who, during the evening, in spite of rain and mud, came along to enjoy the good things. I know if all enjoyed their tea as much as I did, everybody went away satisfied.

I noticed what taste was displayed in the decorating of the barracks. It was, without exaggeration, very prettily and neatly done, and I'm sure Capt. Webb and his soldiers deserve much credit for the neatness shown in the arrangements of the whole thing.

Just a word for the new band. I had the pleasure of listening to a few selections from them. They are very good indeed, and I'm sure will become a power in winning souls for God, while they live humble before Him. God bless you, boys, live for Him.

When the hour arrived for the open-air, a very nice company of saved men and women turned out and marched through rain and mud, singing salvation songs. Then a proper mad-alive open-air meeting on the street corner, led by Staff-Capt. Read. Here the Spirit of liberty reigned, and both Daddy and Mother Florence gave vent to their feelings in the dance and song, as well as an odd shout from Mother. You know how she does it. The writer was here constrained to have a little step, so, with Daddy had a skip around the ring. Glory to God! What a crowd stood there, rain or no rain.

Jesus lifted draws the crowd. It was beautiful to see how those dear people drank in the news of salvation on that street corner.

Away *to the barracks*, where a nice company were assembled for the jubilee, which was just a regular boiling-over time. Testimony and song, quick and sharp, from the soldiers led by Staff-Capt. Read. Next, a solo by Capt. Aggie Cowan, "Take another look at the cross of Calvary." Then from the same person, a few words of love and cheer for the sinner. Capt. Bob. Cunningham praised God for a real practical salvation through Christ. A few remarks from Capt. Bruno Frederich on "Liberty." He told of how God sot him at liberty, and then invited the unsaved to allow the Master to set them free.

Mrs. Capt. Clipperton had a few words, praising God for His blessed saving and keeping grace. Then the Staff-Capt drew the meeting to a close, with an invitation to all who were out of Christ to commence the New Year with Him as their guide. But, alas! none visibly responded. However, we believe there was a work done, for God was with us. Hallelujah!

After this meeting, Staff-Read led a half-night of prayer, and God wonderfully blessed those who took part. To all appearances, Fort Lisgar is on the rise! Hallelujah! God bless Capt. and Mrs. Webb and all the soldiers.

R. A. C.

What is a Good Corps?

BY JIM.

I have often been asked the above question, and I thought I would venture to give you my idea of what I think a good corps should be. It must be:

1. SOUL-SAVING CORPS.—This is the main characteristic of a good corps. It is an organized band of men and women making every effort for the salvation of souls; a living life-boat service, ready at any moment to launch out into the wildest storm to rescue souls from the perils of an eternal shipwreck. When the early church were all in love and unity and faith, the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved; but in order to save souls there must be much work, so that a good corps will also be a

2. WORKING CORPS.—Yes, indolence in a corps will prove fatal; it will be an infectious malady. Souls are rushing on to hell preoccupied with other things—business, pleasure, worldly amusements, money making, and sin of all kinds. The claims of God must be brought to bear upon them; they must be warned of their danger, of the fearful doom awaiting the ungodly; they need pleading with to forsake their evil ways and accept Christ as their Saviour. Thousands never attend church, or any other place. Mothers, with children, who cannot get out, need visiting in their homes. Hundreds more are in billiard and bar-rooms, at the pool and card-table, others at the theatre, on the streets, loafing around the corners; all these need attracting and reaching and warning and saving. Then there is WAR CRY selling, visiting, and encouraging converts, open-air meetings, and in-door meetings. All this means work—hard work—not alone for officers, but sergeants, bandsmen, and soldiers. Work, plenty of work, but a good corps is a hard working corps; it will also be a

3. UNITED CORPS.—Unity is strength. Jesus said, "A house divided against itself could not stand," neither can a divided corps stand, but one of the most beautiful features of a good corps is that it is united. The Holy Spirit is a spirit of unity, and is always grieved when there is division, discord, dissatisfaction, murmuring, and complaining. God sorely punished the Jews in the wilderness for this sin of murmuring, and He will punish it in our day. Endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. It will also be a

4. PRAYING CORPS.—Yes, indeed, a good corps is a praying corps. There will never be much done without prayer; prayer moves the Arm that moves the world; it is the Christian's vital breath, his element. Ah! I have often seen after a prayer meeting little pools of tears on the floor where soldiers have been praying with tears for the conversion of souls, and something was accomplished, too.

See what great things were done after that memorable prayer meeting in the upper room at Jerusalem. These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women. You see they *all* prayed, and *all* continued, and were *all* of one accord.

True, some can't stay in the prayer meeting at night; mothers have to go home to their children, servants have to be in at a certain time, but a good corps will be a praying corps, for here is the secret of power with God and with the people.

5. AN AGGRESSIVE CORPS.—The spirit of prayer will lead them on to be an aggressive corps. Not satisfied with a regular congregation, a good lot of soldiers, good collections, splendid marches, ordinary visiting, average number of CRYS being sold, holding our own against the enemy. This is all very good, but a good corps will be aggressing, advancing, improving, increasing, breaking up new ground, employing new methods, new plans of attack. Christ was aggressive. He preached on the mountain, by a well side, on the bow of a fishing boat, in the wilderness of Judea, in the lanes and fields. He did not adopt the ordinary methods of preaching, but formed new plans of getting to the people.

Paul was another aggressor. "I strove," said he, "to preach the Gospel where it has not been preached, not going on another man's line of things made ready to my hand."

The Spirit of Christ urges us on to aggression, constrains us, as Paul says; so that a good corps is an aggressive corps. It will also be a

6. UNIFORM LOVING CORPS.—The soldiers will be in uniform, officers in uniform, bandsmen in uniform. They believe in the uniform, and wear it, not only in meetings, but in the day time. You meet them on the street in uniform. A good corps believes in the uniform for three important reasons:

(1) As a sign of separation from the vanity of the world; it silently condemns pride and vanity.

(2) It glorifies Christ and leads people to think of Him, their souls, heaven, and hell, etc.

(3) It is a good safeguard against temptations from the world and sinners. It will also be a corps

7. FREE FROM DEBT.—This may seem strange to some, but it is nevertheless true. That old saying is still true: "Dirt, debt and the devil are cousins."

Debt is a great burden to any corps; it is an injury to any community. The people of God should be ahead of the world in the promptness of meeting financial demands. Debt is contrary to the Word of God. Owe no man anything, and it is as binding and applicative to us as it was to the Romans. Debt is a burden on the officer's shoulders, a clog to spirituality, a cause of discouragement to him and to the soldiers, and very often a hindrance to the salvation of souls. So a good corps will certainly be free from debt.

Praying that with God's blessing, we may have more of this kind of corps.

Broken Vows!

BY C. E. O.

The day is fast drawing to a close. The sun is sinking in the west, leaving the sky behind it all aglow.

Over yonder hill, with weary footsteps, comes a lonely traveller. "Who is he? Where is he going?" we naturally ask. He is a stranger, alone in the world, looked down upon and despised by many. His heart is heavy to-night. He has spent almost his last copper, and has been trudging wearily along the dusty road since early morning.

As he has been walking along to-day, he has been thinking over his past life. There looms up before him the sweet days of childhood, the many happy hours he spent in company with that now sainted mother. She was all he had in this world. His father had died when he was a little babe. He remembers how that mother had often breathed into his ear blessed words of instruction, regarding heavenly things. He remembers how often he had promised to grow up to love and serve her God. He draws from his pocket an old worn Bible. Its leaves are yellow with age. As he looks on the fly-leaf, he sees inscribed there in that well-known hand, "To my beloved son ——." As he thinks of how little he has read in it, he remembers that as he took it from her hand, he had promised to read a portion in it every night before retiring. As he thinks of it, the tears start to his eyes. Alas! those broken vows.

Then, as if but yesterday, he remembers gazing down on that face as it lay pale and beautiful in death, how he had vowed to serve his mother's God. Alas! those broken vows. He had allowed himself to be led away by sinful companions farther and farther into sin, until he had forgotten both his vows and his mother's God. But to-day, as he walks along by the roadside, the past seems to be before him as if on a scroll. His heart bleeds as he thinks of how he has treated the One who has given him health, and strength, and the "wherewithal to be clothed."

As he reaches the top of yonder hill, the scene that breaks before him seems to bring him to his senses. There in the valley beneath him lies a beautiful city with its many spires and domes pointing heavenward. Forgetting the weariness of his body, he steps out boldly, as if fired with new life.

"I must hasten and seek shelter for the night," he says. Onward he plods, and as the darkness gathers, he enters the city.

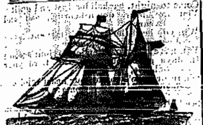
The glare of the lights seem to dazzle him. But hark! What is that he hears? Borne on the gentle breeze, the sound of voices singing in the distance is wafted to him. He listens: these are the words that he hears—"Death is coming, coming, coming, etc.," and it seems to pierce him to his very soul.

He quickens his footsteps, and arrives at the Market Square just in time to see a band of people, with drums beating and flags flying.

"Strange," he thinks, and asks a bystander what is the meaning of all this, and is told that they are the "Salvation Army." He has never heard of them before, and so turns his footsteps and follows to the hall. As the soldiers speak and sing, they all seem to be talking directly to him. Everything seems to be in accord with his thoughts that afternoon. He feels all undone; he sees his nothingness in the sight of God; he feels his need of Christ.

As they invite those forward who are willing to forsake their evil ways and turn to God, he rushes out, pours out the anguish of his soul to God, cries for pardon, and rises a saved and happy man, and rejoicing in having found pardon from God for a misspent life, and joy in yielding his all to his mother's God.

Reader, have you kept the vows you promised your sainted mother, as she passed from death unto life? If not, you may find pardon and purity *now* at the foot of the Cross of Christ.



IN SOUTH INDIA!

BY CAPT. D—— S——.

Then and Now.

As I was sitting alone in my room I commenced to think about the state of things since the Salvation Army started work in our dear Tamil-land. We are not very old here in the South; at the commencement we had very few officers, and only two corps.

Before that time the word "Salvation" was not much known among the people, but now it is in nearly everyone's mouth; just walk down the street and you hear the word "Salvation!" Go elsewhere, and the same magic sound greets your ears. If you are at the railway station, the people ask, "Salvation! Where are you going?"

Formerly there was not so

Much Boldness to Preach

the Gospel in the streets. Now, bless the Lord, our Army is marching, preaching, singing, praying, and standing up boldly in the midst of large crowds of people, proclaiming salvation from sin through Jesus, and also warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

Work Amongst the Women.

I must say a few words about the work among our native women. It is a great shame that the women should be prohibited by the men from attending any sort of religious meetings. Most of the women do not know what Christianity is. However, a work is being done among the females by the Army. Daily, when we are begging or visiting, large numbers of women come and listen to us, and after telling them of salvation through our loving Saviour, we pray for them. They know well, now, that we are the Salvation Army, and have come to do them good, and so give us food, etc.

Our Coming Army.

The children cannot sing their own religious songs in the streets—they are so hard for them; but they have easily learned our songs. We often see a crowd of children standing, or marching in the streets singing and shouting them.

Salvation Newspapers.

Then there were few (if any) salvation papers published for the masses, but now thousands of English and Tamil WAR CRYS are sold in the streets, houses, bazaars, and railway stations. God bless our WAR CRYS!

Sinners Seeking Salvation.

I have seen hundreds of all sorts of sinners come out for salvation. Within one week sixty souls sought full salvation. Once, when we were holding an open-air meeting in a village, forty souls knelt at the big drum. But all that time we were "hard up" for officers and funds to keep up the work.

What It's Done for Me.

Praise God for bringing the Salvation Army to South India. It was through their instrumentality that I and many others were led to the feet of Jesus, the world's Redeemer, and by His help, we are still standing, and mean to go forward in the war.

Past versus Future.

Our Southern victories in the past, though small compared with what they will be in the future, make me shout "Hallelujah!" and nerve me for the fight which is before us.

Oh, how much our hearts bleed and ache to see our dear countrymen and women hurrying on to a dark, unprepared for, unknown eternity! Already Europe, America, and Australia, have sacrificed their children to rescue our country. God bless them. But God wants us natives of India to do all we can for the salvation of our fellow-men. May many sons and daughters of the soil rise up and rush forward to help win our dear land for God. He wants to do a great deal more than in the past. Let us do our part! Let us cling to the cross, and be determined to conquer. God will help us!

BUY THE NEW ALMANAC FOR 1890.

A THRILLING STORY OF

A HINDOO ASCETIC.

BY CAPT. SUDDHAVANTI.

He had been wandering about in the jungles of South India—not an old man, nor infirm, neither was he ignorant—he wanted reality, and was seeking for it.

When I first saw him he had not spoken to anybody for months. Some years before, he had thrown away all his property, letting anyone take possession of it who would. He had

PASSED HIS COLLEGE DEGREES,

and belonged to one of the richest and most respectable families in this part of the country; yet he had given up all those things to seek his soul's salvation.

They sent and called him, saying, "The Salvation Army has come to see you." He came near, eyeing me from head to foot for some time, and earnestly looking into my face, said, "I perceive the Spirit of God within you." After that, I could speak anything to him. I told him my experience, and how I had found salvation through Christ. We talked about the things of the Kingdom of God for about two hours.

I went away, and returning to this part of the country again after about five weeks, saw him again. This time he was

IN THE STATE OF YOGI.

He was lying on the floor as one dead—he *was* dead to all earthly things, his friends said; but, oh! there was no happiness—perfect despair was written on his face. He had not eaten anything for fifteen days, until the day before, when about a handful of rice was given him.

Seeing that it was no good to attempt to talk with him in that state, I pitched into another man there, about his soul, and Christ as the only Way of salvation—what joy, peace and assurance of safety, salvation brings, etc. The man on the floor began to groan—

SUCH GROANS OF DESPAIR,

yet mingled with them an earnest seeking after God, but in the wrong way. I tried to point out to the other man the true plan of salvation, and am believing for him to be an S.A. officer yet.

Last Sunday I again went to see him. He was still lying on the floor, almost reduced to a skeleton. Such is a Hindoo ascetic seeking salvation. It is now over two months that he has been lying there—still unsatisfied, still despairing, still seeking—but still not having found anything better than before; eating only enough to keep life in the body. We had a good, rousing prayer meeting round

HIS ALMOST LIFELESS BODY,

and are believing for the devil of despair, doubt and darkness, to be cast out. We shall go again.—*From Indian Cry.*

Tit-Bits From Barrie.

BY A PROPHET.

The soldiers here mean victory, and they are having it too.

We had a merry Christmas. A grand holiness meeting in the afternoon and a surprise party at night. Both led by the D. O.

The barracks was beautifully decorated up with evergreens and the Army colors.

Capt. Wiseman and bride took a prominent part in the meetings. It was quite a surprise to the people to see them there, it was so unexpected. May God bless the union!

On Sunday night a backslider came home to his Father in proper style. A sensible son.

The sisters had a meeting at Brother Fields' on Monday with Capt. Noble who is very sick. They tell me they had a blessed time and some good advice from the Captain. Everybody pray that God may bless and strengthen her body for the fight. She left for the Home of Rest on Tuesday.

New Year's Eve was announced as a praise meeting. The D. O. officiated in his natural style—all over smiles.

Ten recruits were enrolled under the Army flag—Seven brothers and three sisters.

The soldiers all fired a volley and gave them a hearty welcome into the corps.

The watch-night service was a proper time; also the march at midnight. Many were led to think of their souls as we sang,

 "Trim your lamps and be ready
 For the midnight cry."

The streets were lined with people. The unsaved lads had a procession of their own; they opened out and let the Army pass through.

The D. O. stopped at the Five Points—a place noted for open-air work—and gave them a few words of good advice, inviting them to the Army meetings, and above all to get saved.

He then asked them to fire a volley for the Salvation Army, and I tell you they made the streets ring.

They love the Army and God has given them beautiful voices to sing. We hope to see you in our ranks soon, boys. God bless you. We covet them for God and the Army.

We are in good fighting trim and beautifully saved. Some one was telling me that the Scribe arrived at the D. O's today all over smiles. So let the devil look out!

 "Onward we'll march with flags unfurled,
 Jesus shall have the sway;
 Like Him who died to save the world.
 We'll never, never run away.

Two Death-Bed Scenes.

Which Would You Have?

BY CAPT. M. Y——.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!!

Since coming to I—— I have witnessed several death-bed scenes. Early this year, I had come home one day very tired and weary after visiting and begging—I had visited over fifty houses and prayed in them all. I was just sitting down to take a rest when a knock was heard at the door. Outside stood a native woman who wanted me to visit her master. I hurried at once, five minutes walking brings me to the house—a poor, miserable, wretched-looking place; the effects of sin and devilry were easily seen.

On a cot lay the frame of what had, at one time, been a very strong, robust man. I could see that life was fast leaving him, and that very soon he would be in eternity. At once I questioned him about his soul's salvation, and with a heavy sigh he replied

"It Is Very Black, I'm not Fit to Die,

and I cannot live much longer." I told him of One who was willing and able to save him. But he said, "I've let it go too far. I cannot expect God to have mercy upon me now. I've sinned against Him all my life; and I feel that instead of His mercy, His wrath is upon me." After a long talk, I prayed with him and left.

In a few hours I visited him again. Things seemed much the same—black and dismal;—and, with another deep sigh, the poor man said, "I've let it go too far. It's too late! I'm eternally lost!" I tried to show him the possibility of accepting salvation even at the eleventh hour. All seemed in vain.

The next day I went three times, and just as the poor man was about to die, he cried out with all the strength he had, "Would to God I had never been born!

I'm Dying, and am Going to Hell!"

Shortly after, he was gone! I tried to impress upon his wife the need of getting ready to die, but the drink devil had a strong hold of her: she found it was very hard to leave off her life of sin and drunkenness.

Forever with the Lord!

Another death-bed scene comes very vividly before my mind's eye. But of a different nature. While out visiting and WAR CRY selling, I was called into a house by an old lady. She told me the following story:—"Sir, my son is so ill! I don't think he will live much longer; but he is so happy. When he was young he gave himself to God, and has been one of His followers ever since."

I asked if I might be allowed to see the sick man, and as soon as I put my feet inside the room I felt that I had entered a place where Jesus lived. The suffering of the young man seemed very great, but his countenance was lit up with the sun-light of heaven. I questioned him as to his eternal welfare. "Oh," said he, "everything is right. My peace is made with God—my sins are all forgiven. My time on earth is short, but

I shall Soon be with Jesus.

I don't crave to live. I am given up to do the will of God—live or die, I'm the Lord's." I asked him, "Do you fully realize that your acceptance is clear with God?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I'm only waiting the time of the Lord."

I visited him several times, and they were always seasons of blessing and refreshing to my soul. One day, as I entered the house and enquired how the dear man was, the mother said, "He is not here,

He has Gone to Heaven."

Reader, death is on *your* track. You have lived to see nearly the close of another year. But beware, your turn will surely come at last. Are you prepared for eternity?

A WORD OF CHEER.

BY STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL.

(Written more especially for the Officers of the Salvation Army all round the World.)

As we start out on another year's victorious warfare, let us get fresh courage for the future from the remembrance of the triumphs and victories of the past.

The year that is past has been the most wonderful in the history of the Army, and for each one of us it has been the most blessed of our lives. True, it may have been crowded with trials, disappointments and temptations, but we have proved also that it has been one of deliverance and progress and joy such as we never went through before. The reason for this is simply we cannot stand still in the divine life and the holy war, even if we would, and in spite of the devil and all his lies, hell and all its temptations, and men with all their slander and opposition we who have stood true to our God and to His Flag, *are* to-day stronger and wiser and more capable soldiers and sufferers to-day than we were twelve months ago.

We often sing and talk about the *power* of God to keep us and support us, and deliver us.

I want to remind you for a moment of His *wisdom*. It is really a fact that God does know how to do His own business on the earth and how to conduct His own war. You have proved this in your own experience over and over again at many different times and under many different circumstances. God knows you altogether, and is acquainted with those points in which you are weak as well as those in which you are strong. He knows also the place to which He has sent you, and just what special grace or wisdom or strength you require to enable you to do His will there, and to win just what will be His victory in that town, and under the existing circumstances.

Now if you really have His Divine Commission to be a leader and commander in His great Salvation Army; if you are hourly walking up to all the light which God gives you by His Spirit as to how to fulfil this His Commission; and *if* God is wise enough to know whom to put in command of His troops at your Corps, then it follows *as a matter of necessity* that you *must* be the right Officer in the right place. Further than this (if the above facts are so) you are not only the right Officer in the right place, but you must be at this moment actually accomplishing what God wants done there.

It is quite possible, however, that your idea as to what would be the best thing for the kingdom at that place just then may differ very widely from God's. Your idea of victory may be crowded meetings and the penitent-form filled with sobbing sinners. But what God wants to do just at that time in that town, is to show the inhabitants that He can give His own people a Salvation which will enable them to hold on to Him and to keep patiently conquering in the face of little or no visible result.

Of course in order to be sure that you are really winning God's victory, you must have a positive knowledge that you are obeying God fully every day—in every detail, but if this is so, you are all right and may contentedly wait for the future to show how you fulfilled your part of God's plan.

A moment's thought will also show that this fact that God knows how to do His own work forms a complete answer to all the temptations the devil can put forth on the line that you are not clever enough, or not strong enough, or are in some way not sufficiently equipped for the work to which God has called you; because it must be evident that if God has put you there and you really are unable to do the work He has set you to do, His wisdom must be at fault. This you know cannot possibly be the case. It never has been so once in your experience—and God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

So let us all brace ourselves up for the victorious battles and conquests through suffering of the coming year with renewed confidence. God's wisdom is as great as His power, and while we all fulfil our Divine Commissions acting on the daily revelations of His Spirit we are His conquerors.

While we do this we may be sure that God's wisdom will not allow of a single day or hour of our lives being wasted, and in some way or other we may be quite sure that we are successfully accomplishing His designs.

Let us lift our banners higher than ever; let us make our boast in the Lord louder than ever; and let us, full of the power of His might, go forward faster than ever to His kind of victory in His kind of path however strange or mysterious that victory may be.

The probability is that the most mighty and wonderful victories, and those most far-reaching in their results, have been those that have been altogether unseen of men at the time that they were won.

CONTENTS:

	Page
With Mrs. Booth	1
Singular Salmon; The Gun and the Sword; Know Yourself; What I saw and heard	2
That M.M.M. Band; Cullings Culled; A Contrast; Prairie Battles; Sanctified Joy	3
With Mrs. Booth (continued); War Notes	4
A Bitter Cry; The Devil's Portrait; Acknowledgements	5
Victorious; Pat's Pickins; New Year's Day; What is a Good Corps; Broken Vows	6
In South India; A Thrilling Story; Two Death-Bed Scenes; A Word of Cheer	7
Songs; Leaders; Official Gazette	8
The 20,000 Soul Boom; Headquarters' Happenings	9
Knee-Drill Echoes; A General Move; West End Notes; French Tour in the East	10
A Plea for the French; Newfoundland Snacks; Hamilton Hash; Training Home Devision	11
Self-Denial Fund for 1890	12
Ear and Eye Glasses; New Year's Eve; To Our Auxiliaries; The Old Story; Canada Salutes Commissioner Coombs	13
London Lights; Ottawa Ovartures; Peterboro' Pointers; Montreal Mince; Barrie Boomers	14
War Cry Competition List; From Over the Border	15
Coming Events; Advertisements	16

EASTERN SYMPATHY

The Following is the Copy of a Letter of Sympathy Sent to the General by Major Jacobs.

General Wm. Booth, London.—

My Dear General,—On behalf of the officers and soldiers of New Glasgow, Stellarton, Westville, and Pictou, assembled at New Glasgow, N. S., on New Years afternoon for Soldiers Council, we wish to send our heart-felt love and sympathy to you at this time of affliction, praying that you may be wonderfully sustained in this time of need. We also make this an opportunity of covenanting afresh with God the vows we have made of faithfulness and loyalty to the principles of the Salvation Army, and declaring before God and each other, our full determination of doing our very best in connection with the 20,000 Soul Boom, now started in Canada. Feeling that precious souls are dying, we go forth as individuals to the rescue.

With salvation love,

I am yours for God and the 20,000 souls,

C. T. Jacobs,
Major.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

All correspondence for Headquarters, whatever the department or subject may be, should be addressed to the Commissioner, and not to the head of the department, with the name of the department in the corner.

T. H. Adams.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS!

RESCUE HOME.

Friend, per Staff-Captain Totten, $5; Friend, city, $5; Kilgour Bros., $5; Headquarters' Boys, $5; Bro. D. Webster, $5; Friend, per Father Bye, $2; Mrs. Rodgers, $1; Mrs. Philpott, $1; Mrs. Donison Vernon, $1; H. P. Dwight, $2; A. Sampson, $2; E. Rodgers, $1; Mrs. Dr. Wyld, $1; Friend, per Staff-Capt. McHardy, $5; Miss McKee, $2; Mrs. Tait, Orillia, $1; J. C., Gananoque, $1; Mr. T. Bate, $1.24; W.E.D., 50c.; R.H.T., $1; J. Aball, $1; Bates & Dodds, $1; Cospore & Co., $1; J. Green, $1; Mr. Cooper, $1; W. J. Gage & Co., $1; M. Agar, 50c.; Wyld, Grasset & Co., $1; H. Moyle, 50c.; Friends, $6.40; Mrs. Crosby, quilt, $1; Mrs. Manton, 50c.; Capt. Smith, $7.67; Mr. Golds, pans, $1; Friend, Lippincott St., $1; Mother Langtry, handkerchiefs; Mrs. Cunningham, fruit, etc.; Miss Campbell, 70c., fruit; Mrs. Dr. Aikens, fruit, etc.; Mrs. H. Gooderham, turkey; Mrs. Macdonald, goose; A. Durie, goose; Friend, West Toronto, nuts, candies; Mrs. Evans, Brampton, $1.

WANTED!

For the Officers' Home of Rest Toronto.

A Washing Machine, also a Mangle. Will any kind friend send us either or both. The Lord bless you. Mrs. Langtry, Matron, 297 George St., Toronto.

BOYS WANTED!

Two smart, intelligent, well-saved boys wanted for Headquarters—must be Salvationists. Apply by letter, stating age and salary required, to Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1. 20,000 SOUL BOOM!

ANOTHER WAR SONG BY STAFF-CAPTAIN LEIGHTON.

Tune—*I've found a friend in Jesus*, or, *The little old log cabin.*

Throughout the whole Dominion our battle cry is heard,
That bids us go to seek and save the lost,
And soldiers by the thousand have rallied at the word,
To win the fight for God at any cost;
In spite of hellish legions we'll conquer in the fight,
As onward our Army chariot rolls,
We'll spread the fame of Jesus, and hold aloft the light,
And bring to Jesus twenty thousand souls.

CHORUS.

Then forward to the battle, our motto fire and blood,
To save the lost our Army chariot rolls;
In spite of hellish legions we'll win the fight for God,
And bring to Jesus twenty thousand souls.

The devil is against us, likewise the world and pride,
And all the hosts that live for self and sin,
But with us is King Jesus, and with Him on our side
We know that we the victory shall win.
Then on, Salvation soldiers, and raise your battle cry,
As faster still the chariot onward rolls,
We mean to have the victory, we'll conquer if we die,
And bring to Jesus twenty thousand souls.

The foes of God and righteousness we'll fearlessly assail,
And tell them of the pardoning love of God,
We'll tell them that our Saviour was never known to fail
A guilty soul that came to Jesus' blood.
The poor wretched backsliders we'll lead to Jesus' feet,
And from their hearts the load of sin shall roll;
We'll never rest contented till the number is complete,
And we've brought to Jesus twenty thousand souls.

2

BY CAPT. GURNEY.

Tune—*Shout aloud salvation, boys.*

Twenty thousand souls we want in our Dominion fair,
Twenty thousand souls we'll have if God our lives will spare,
Twenty thousand rescued slaves, whose shouts will rend the air,
As we go marching to glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, we bring the jubilee,
Pray on, pray on, the Saviour will set free,
With blood and fire o'er land and sea, this number we shall see,
As we go marching to glory.

The devil will say you are no good to help to win the lost,
But God will work through every heart that's cleansed from sin and dross,
The devil lies, so on we go to bring them to the Cross,
As we go marching to glory.

Pray on your knees, pray everywhere, that God will show His power,
In meeting, open-air, and march, will show it every hour,
Souls will be saved, God glorified, the devil will feel sour,
As we go marching to glory.

3

CAPT. MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

Tune—*Bringing in the Sheaves.*

Many hearts are breaking, many souls are dying,
Many feet are traveling from the heavenly goal;
Going far from Jesus and the precious blood,
Who will help to rescue twenty thousand souls?

CHORUS.

Twenty thousand souls,
Twenty thousand souls;
Who will help to rescue
Twenty thousand souls?

In our fair Dominion, during these six months,
We hope to see this number brought into the fold.
With some faith and praying, and some devils slaying,
We go forth to rescue twenty thousand souls.

Some will point their finger, laughing at our efforts,
And, of course, will say we are a lot of fools;
But our God is able, of those very people,
To add unto the number twenty thousand souls.

Forward now my comrades, in the strength of Jesus,
Bringing back the wanderers to the Saviour's fold;
Telling sin-sick sinners of a Christ who'll save them—
Go and help to rescue twenty thousand souls.

4 THE GOSPEL SHIP.

BY CAPT. JACK ADDIE.

Tune—*The ship that never returned.*

The Gospel ship at anchor is lying,
She is booked to sail to-day;
To fill her state-rooms, her agents are trying,
They are giving the tickets away.
Her steam is up, her flag is flying,
There's a crowd but room for more;
Come and pass the Doctor, He'll take you if you're dying,
She is bound for Canaan's shore.

CHORUS.

Will she ever return, no she'll never return,
For it's better on before;
It's a land that flows with milk and honey,
She is bound for Canaan's shore.

On board she has first-class accommodation,
No dividing ropes you will find;
Her passengers, whatever their station,
Are all bound by cords Divine,
Her crew are saved and sanctified,
King Jesus, her Captain's name;
'Twas to navigate this ship He died,
And down from glory came.

Her starting place is the famed Red River,
That flowed from the Captain's side;
She sails on time, independent of weather,
And she waits not for the tide.
The winds may blow, and the snow-clouds gather,
They obey the Captain's will;
His power is the same to-day and forever,
It was Christ said "Peace be still."

5 FIGHTING SOLDIERS.

BY A. GOODCHILD, H.T.B.

Tune—*We are out on the ocean sailing.*

I'm a soldier in the Army,
And I'm fighting for the Lord,
And the devil cannot harm me,
For I'm trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Simply trusting every moment
As the years are rolling on,
And through life I am determined
Jesus shall be all my song.

When temptations round me gather,
And my way seems dark as night,
Then through grace I ne'er will falter,
Only trusting in His might.

Though the way be sometimes thorny,
And I'm weary in the fight,
Yet this shall be all my story,
Jesus makes my pathway bright.

Sinner, won't you come to Jesus,
And a full salvation have?
Cast yourself right on the altar,
Trusting in His power to save.

6 SINNER, BACKSLIDER—COME.

Tune—*Go on to victory.*

Come to-night, oh, sinner, sad and weary,
You have found sin's path is rough and dreary,
Satan's slave — your prospects are all gloomy—
Jesus calls; come! come!
Lay aside all fear, and upward looking,
See your Saviour, Jesus, for you dying,
Humbly bow, low at His feet now kneeling—
Jesus calls; come! come!

CHORUS.

When the sinner's path is rough,
Let him bear in mind,
In our Saviour strength enough
He may always find;
Satan's yoke, however tough,
Broken through shall be,
For Christ shall gave the victory.

Come to-night, backslider, lost and guilty,
You are poor, down-hearted, sad and weary,
Will you heed the Saviour's last entreaty?
Jesus calls; come! come!
You have heard our tender Saviour's voice
In days past you made the Lord your choice,
Oh, return, He'll make your heart rejoice—
Jesus calls; come! come!

See! He turns and looks with love upon thee,
"All thy sins, poor soul, were laid upon Me."
Thus He spake, and loving, doth He chide thee—
Jesus calls; come! come!
He has shed His precious blood for thee,
That from sin and Satan He might free thee,
Trust Him now and you His power shall see—
Jesus calls; come! come!

Canada Salutes Commissioner Coombs

Great welcome meetings to Commissioner Coombs were held at Melbourne, Australia, on Christmas Day. A cable of love and cheer was sent from Headquarters on behalf of the Canadian wing. God bless Australia.

Official Gazette

PROMOTIONS.

Capt. Braund, of Welland, to be Staff-Capt. Body, of Barrie Division.

Private Grace Drew, of Toronto II, to be Cadet at Brantford Depot.

Private Chas. Kletting, of Summerside, P. E. I., to be Cadet at St. John T. H.

MARRIED.

At Whitby, on Dec. 23rd, by Staff-Capts. Philpott and Bolton, Capt. Edward Wiseman, who came out from Barrie, and now stationed at Tilbury Centre, to Capt. Lizzie Wardhaugh, who came out from Belleville, and was last stationed at Milton.

At St. John, N. B., on Dec. 25th, by Major Jacobs, Capt. A. E. Kimble, who came out from St. John, N. B., and is now stationed at Guysboro', N. S., to Capt. May Smith, who came out from Toronto III., and was last stationed at Woodstock, Ont.

T. H. Adams,
Commr.

Territorial Headquarters,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto.

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS

THE WAR CRY

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 18th, 1890.

Self-Denial Results. Give God the glory! We publish in this issue a full and detailed account of the proceeds of the Canadian Week of Self-Denial. With great joy we record the grand total of $7,690.13. It is very pleasing for us to know, as an Army, that this year's total is *more than double* the amount received last year. We feel no greater or more conclusive argument could be produced by us in proof of the confidence our own people have in the Army, its workings, and principles, than the amount given or collected by our own officers and soldiers themselves, viz., more than one half the amount received. Likewise the amount given by friends and even by outsiders through the "door to door" appeals go strongly to assure us that it is well understood from whence the recent attempts to sow discontent in our ranks eminated. The devil has never been friends with the Salvation Army, but has always looked upon us as a foe to be dreaded, for which we devoutly thank our God. We have the approval of God and the hatred of the devil, and pray that we may always be so situated. We commend this list to the study of our officers and soldiers. There are some very curious facts to be found between the lines of comparison. It is only fair to Staff-Capt. Bolton, of the Chatham Division, to say that the total for his division would have been much larger had not the Household Troops Band been touring through the division before and during the Self-Denial Week.

20,000 SOULS.

By the General.

This project is everywhere admitted to be great and glorious. From the north and the south, the east and the west, come words of welcome. Staff and Field Officers, both at home and abroad, are taking it up with vigor, and now we must give ourselves up to the practical methods of accomplishing it, some of which I want to set before you, only regretting that I can say so little in a single paper, and that what I have to say has to be written in such a hurried manner.

Now, how is the scheme to be worked out to a successful result? I reply, that the main thing seems to me to be, that officers and soldiers should get into *the spirit of it.* This will carry all before it. The spirit of a man not only makes him, determines the character of his habits, conversation, employment, and everything else about him, but also decides the question of success.

If a man has a money-making spirit, he will probably make money. If a man has an ambitious spirit, he will possibly vault to some higher grade of life than that in which he was born. If a man has a soul-saving spirit, he will certainly save souls. It matters little what his circumstances may be. Therefore, the business of every one of us is to come into the possession of an absorbing passion for the salvation of men.

That Passion for Souls.

What is it? How can we describe it? You know something of it, my comrades, from experience. The fire of it has burned in your bones in the days gone by; the fever has glowed in your blood, the pity has swelled in your hearts for the perishing. But I want you to know more of it. I want to know more myself. David, on one occasion, said, you will remember, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." He meant, I suppose, that his heart was not only filled and charged, but that all within him was absorbed and controlled with an unutterably tender longing for the glory of his God and the salvation of a dying world.

This passion for the salvation of men seems to be made up of three things:—

1. *There is the realization of the worth of souls.* The reason that men don't run after them and toil to win them, and sacrifice themselves in the pursuit, is because they don't perceive their importance and value; nay, they do not even realize the fact that they exist. They only see the earthly, perishing side of the men and women around them. When they meet them in the street or in the market-place, or, alas, too often in the barracks, they only see the outer shell—they don't see the kernel which gives the shell all its value. They only see the human casket, but not the imperishable gem, the everlasting spirit which it contains. They only see the frail, dying body, and not the deathless, immortal, blood-bought soul.

This passion for souls means this vision. The man that has it sees men, not merely as beings of a day, suffering or rejoicing for an hour and then passing away, but as he is, in his higher, spiritual, imperishable self. He regards him, not merely as a gainer or a loser of the paltry treasures of earth, but as one who is every hour treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, or storing up riches which will endure for ever.

Where this vision is, man is judged and cared for, not merely in the relations in which he stands to the beings of earth, but as responsible for every word and act of his life to God, Who will judge him in the last Great Day.

He sees men as beings whom the Father loves, for whom the Saviour died, and whom the Spirit continually follows with inward cryings and outward beseechings to be reconciled to God and become heirs of eternal life.

He looks on Lazarus with the same eyes that Jesus Christ did. The Saviour saw the poor man's rags, and sores, and hunger, and, doubtless, pitied and relieved him. But to Christ there was something beneath and beyond his pitiable human condition. He saw him in a sort of heavenly chrysalis state, just ready to burst out of the dismal, doleful, suffering shell that held him in those circumstances of sorrow, and to fly away. Nay, he looked onwards, and saw him safely lodged in Abraham's bosom.

And so with the rich man in his pride and pomp, and purple and earthly paradise. Christ gave a glance at all, and then those eyes which could weep over unsaved men and women probably filled with tears as He looked forwards and saw this son of luxury, a wretched outcast spirit, tormented in the flames of hell, crying for a drop of water to cool his poor parched tongue.

My comrades, I am sure that this is the way in which Jesus Christ looked at the poor men and women in His day, and it is after this fashion, if our eyes are opened, that we shall behold them in ours.

2. *And then the next quality in this passion for souls is love.* With this realization of which I have been speaking, it cannot be otherwise. It is to you, my comrades, who have Christ formed within, that I am writing, and how could a soul possessed of the nature of Christ, in however small a degree, live in the midst of perishing men and women, realizing their worth and their danger, and not love them with some measure of the love wherewith Christ Himself loved them?

We don't mean a love that in anyway approves of or excuses the ways of the ungodly, but a love that while hating these evil courses, compassionates those who walk in them—a love that sees these souls laughing, dancing, taken up with money and pleasure, and music, and ten thousand other trivialities, all on the brink of the burning lake, and longs after them with indescribable longings, which cannot rest without seeing them saved, and which cannot bear the thought of being in heaven without them.

3. And then, *connected with this pity, there must be the strong conviction that there is salvation in Jesus Christ for every one*, no matter how sinful, how wretched, how despairing that soul may be. Without this I don't think any man or woman could long live, with the realization of the worth and peril of souls, and the tender, pitying longing after them of which I have been speaking, without being plunged in despair. It seems to me that this has been illustrated by many whose hearts have been woke up to see earth in the light that comes from eternity, and have had some measure of desire to lead men to truth and righteousness as the only foundation for future well-being, but, who, not having with this, a boundless faith in Jesus Christ's ability to save, have either gone into the wretchedness of despair or the blackness of unbelief, or settled down in the mire of indifference.

No, my comrades. The case is bad, the disease is dreadful, the dark death that is coming upon men and women is awful beyond conception, but we have

A Saviour Mighty to Save.

And you must get the conviction deep down in your souls that anywhere and everywhere, and under all circumstances, you have a salvation to publish that can meet the needs of the direst and worst of cases.

This is the passion for souls we want to see reigning amongst us for the worst, the vilest, the most hopeless—that will carry gladness to the hearts that are breaking with despair. This is the spirit we want to see spread in every direction.

Where this reigns there will be effort, there will be work done, and there will be results. The hearts swayed by this pitying love will not be satisfied merely with going through a certain round of effort. There will be no satisfaction in the *"means,"* except the *"end"* of "the means" is gained. The meetings will be uninteresting, and the exercises dull and insipid, except they lead to the salvation of souls.

But where this spirit reigns, souls will be an inevitable result.

Think of a Corps Full of this Passion for Souls!

Think of the personal invitations and pleadings with sinners in their houses! Think of the kindly words that will be spoken to follow-workers, comrades, relatives, and friends! Think of the open-air gatherings and the appeals made in them! Think of the meetings in the barracks, the songs sung, and the cries to the Living God for His presence and blessing, and the tender, fervent, faithful arguments from the platform and everywhere else! And think of the prayer meetings that will follow! The penitents, the converts, the testimonies, the rejoicings, the heavenly influences with which all must finish, and finish only to begin again, and again, and again!

Believe me, in the fight,

Your affectionate
GENERAL.

THE WAR CRY MOUNTAIN.

One thousand six hundred is the number inscribed on the flag of Major Morris, in the picture of the War Cry Mountain on page 15. It should have read 1675, not 1600. Parkhill's 75 must have been overlooked. It shall be rectified next week.

Pat.

How the Boom Goes

Carried Forward from Last Week			261
Peterboro'	Division		27
Eastern	"		25
Montreal	"		12
Training Home	"		10
Hamilton	"		9
Barrie	"		9
London	"		8
Kingston	"		7
Western	"		7
Chatham	"		6
Ottawa	"		4
West Nova Scotia	"		6
Newfoundland	"		3
Woodstock	"		3
Palmerston	"		2
Toronto	"		1
Total up to Date			**401**

WHAT THE BOOMER SAYS.

Souls for God is now our motto,
On to get them, we will plod
Untiring in our zeal, we ought to
Lead by love and life to God.

Boom's the word which gives expression
Of our keen desire to save;
On then comrades, learn the lesson,
Move into your place to-day!

Yes! A new boomer has just lately moved into the new booming office. There is not much of him in person, but thank God, what there is, is going to be used (so he says) to the joyful service of the Lord, in the work of keeping track of the coming converts for whom we are praying; for whom all are believing, and whom by God's Grace, we are going to get enrolled in duplicate, that is to say, in the Lamb's Book of Life, as well as in their Soldiers' Roll.

The new boomer wishes in all sincerity, to solicit the prayers of every reader, and pray that he may be equipped with the dauntless Spirit of Christ, and with a good measure of Solomon's wisdom, to perform his part of this new business, in a way that shall cause the bells of heaven to ring over its successful issue. As far as the boomer is concerned about this scheme, he is just in love with it, and is itching to get it in full swing. Indeed, who wouldn't be who loves God, and has a gnawing desire to see devils cast out of human bodies?

I say, comrades! let us buckle on the armor another hole tighter, so that we may not become round shouldered as it were, and thereby become hindered in the work; and having this proof armor on, let us in the name of Jesus with sanctified hearts, and dogged daring, rush to snatch an almost blazing world from the devil's red-hot fingers.

Yours, to always dare,

Wee Boomer.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Staff-Capt. Southall wires:—Grand time at Watch-night service, St. John; FOUR SOULS and TWO during the day. FOURTEEN in four days, numbers sanctified. United Soldiers' Meetings Friday. Officers and Soldiers enthusiastic about 20,000 soul boom.

• • •

Adjutant Cousins writes from Brussels: "Good day yesterday, notwithstanding down-pour of rain. The devil alive here, so are the soldiers. In for war and victory. One seeking power. TWO crying for mercy. Our motto is, 1,000 souls for this Division."

• • • •

New Glasgow. N.S.

Soul Boom. Sunday big crowds, Divisional Auditor to the front. Eight souls in the fountain. Yours for the 20,000 souls.

Staff-Capt. Cooper.

• • • •

St. John, N.B.

Reports to date show forty-three prisoners captured for the week.

Jacobs.

Souls! Souls! Souls!

Let this be the burden of every Officers' and Soldiers' heart.

A Successful Officer does see Souls Saved.

Deal very faithfully with every soul who comes to your penitent-form.

HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS

By One in It.

Here we are again! The "one in it" has for the last three weeks been pretty much "out of it," having been rusticating in our Home of Rest; but being once more in his little box in the corridor, he must make up for lost time.

• • •

I don't know whether la grippe has got here, or whether it's a disease found only at Headquarters, but almost everybody around has some kind of an ailment or other; no doubt in time it will all pass away.

• • •

Our Mixed Musical Medley Troupe is now well in harness. They had a very enjoyable time at Brampton on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4th and 5th, and one soul. at Richmond street on Monday night after a beautiful and lively time two souls came out to get victory over some besetting sins. I trust they got it.

• • •

The writer hardly knew Headquarters when he got back, nearly every office in the place except his own had been changed. Our statistical friends have been turned out of their office to make room for Staff-Lieut. Neal and her A. D. C. in the Auxiliary work, but have found rest for the soles of their feet in one of the new offices formed out of the old officers' quarters. The other two new offices will be occupied in the course of a few days by the Property and Legal Department, under Lieut. Carpenter and the Commissions Department.

• • •

I don't know whether it's rather late, but I think I ought to congratulate Staff-Lieut. Neal on her promotion. I am sure she will be quite an acquisition to the Staff. God bless you, M. S. N. in your new labors and give you all the grace you need.

• • •

And then I've got to welcome Major Holland, our new Field Secretary, to Headquarters. Welcome, Major; I believe you will find us a proper lot of boys, even if it is I who say it. And we'll miss our other little Major quite a lot. He has been with us about two years and we've got to know each other pretty well in that time, still the war's demands must be met and so we acquiesce.

• • •

The number of the Staff is rising. Our latest acquisitions are Capts. Dusten and Andrews. They are now assisting Staff-Capt. Morton with his Self-denial receipts. Others are expected to follow shortly. The more the merrier. Hallelujah!

• • •

Commissioner is kept very busy these days, and has hardly a moment to himself, but he doesn't seem to mind. I guess the harder he works the happier he is.

• • •

Glad to tell everyone that Capts. Goulds and Wood are both better and back to work as hard as ever. God healed them both over at the Home of Rest. They give Him all the glory, and we are glad to see them well. No doubt they will have a lively time picking up their back work, but they'll receive grace and strength necessary I do believe.

• • •

Capt. Wiggins is still home sick, I understand, with inflamation of the lungs. He needs everyone's prayers.

• • •

Owing to our prayer meeting room being made into offices, our morning knee-drills are now held in the store on the first floor with the entrance from the street, so it will not be hard for anyone to find out who wants to get blessed.

• • •

In spite of influenza, etc., we are all keeping beautifully saved, and have but one object in our work, and that is, the salvation of souls.

KNEE-DRILL ECHOES

FROM

Essex Centre!

" Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

Oh, the blood of Jesus,
The precious blood of Jesus,
It cleanses from all sin.

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above,
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

So it rang out, it would need phonography. Phonography and stenography combined to take in the peals of praise and happy faces and the expressions of full hearts. Suffice it to say that twenty-two of us gathered at knee-drill and a few echoes are forwarded.

"Oh Lord, I thank you for sanctifying my soul. I've had such a rest and peace since Friday night. I've got the fulness of God and I did not get it without knowing it."

"Lord we do not depend on education we depend upon Thee," and the Spirit said, " God is the author of all knowledge," so though we be as illiterate as the most uneducated, if we depend on God we will have knowledge sufficient for all times.

" I feel like chawing up the devil." I fear he would be a nasty mouthful.

" I'm glad I'm one of the Lord's children." "How do you know, brother?" "I've got the witness within," " What kind of a witness?" " The Holy Ghost power." Very good proof, especially when the life bears testimony to it, as it does in this case.

" I've been hard at work all week, and I'm very tired, but bless Him, Jesus is with me all the time. Even when I am in my bed I feel He is round about me as a wall of fire, my blessed Jesus."

" He keeps me unspotted from sin," is the testimony of one who gave a " cut and dried " testimony once before.

"And He is a never failing Friend," says a sister who has been much tried with sickness in her home. " I am here this morning because I feel God wants me here, and I go and do just as He tells me to."

" I never used to care for knee-drill," says one of the H.T.B. converts from Dutton. " I'd rather sleep than pray. Now I find the more I do for Jesus the more He blesses me."

"I have not been faithful. When I look at the past I feel ashamed of myself, for it seems to me although I've been so unfaithful, that God has done almost more for me than anyone else."

" I feel glad that Jesus loves me, and since yesterday afternoon, when God so wonderfully blessed our J. S. meeting, and saved souls so wonderfully, I have been so happy and thankful, I'm going on to victory."

" Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept, and gladness of heart as when one goeth with a pipe into the mountain of the Lord, to the mighty One of Israel, and the Lord shall cause His glorious voice to be heard," so reads Isaiah, and we praised Him that so many of us have heard "His glorious voice," and that the music of it was sweeter far than any earthly voice. Praise His name. We're going on to blessed victories.

LA MERE ALLELUIA!

A GENERAL MOVE

At SX Centre.

'Tis impossible to describe the wonderful way in which God is working, sufficient to say,—

"Jesus lifted draws the crowd, right to Himself."

Already several noted sinners have plunged into the fountain of Jesus' blood. And talk about Newfoundlanders jumping, etc., we, in E.C., are beginning to feel folks aren't properly saved until they get the glory.

You would laugh, dear Editor, could you see the sights to which our eyes are rapidly becoming accustomed. People shouting, laughing, jumping, jigging, thumping, kicking happy.

Please don't think for a moment that I exaggerate in the least. Oh! no. It is all absolutely true. Perhaps folks think it rather vulgar, and they may have the idea that the way in which we endeavor to express our joy is more original than refined; all the same, as Shem says, "we're getting there."

By the way, Shem is coming on remarkably well and bids fair to have a red guernsey on soon.

Bro. Robinson had a lively little war dance the other evening with another dear brother, who, only a few days ago, came up from Egypt land.

For further items of interest, please keep your eyes open, for assuredly the devil is getting thrashed badly in this little town.

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Souls! Souls! Souls!

Let this be the burden of every Officers' and Soldiers' heart.

A Successful Officer does see Souls Saved.

Deal very faithfully with every soul who comes to your penitent-form.

WEST-END NOTES.

DEAR EDITOR,—

If you will allow me space, I would like to tell you a thing or two about what the Army is doing in the West End.

* * *

Things are moving on. Essex Centre is just a-booming. A friend of mine wrote me that the Captain's name was Wadds, and that she is a corker to talk and deal straight with all whom she comes in contact; and the outcome is lots of souls saved, and a good number going to become soldiers, and I would say "that's the stuff —get them into soldiers."

* * *

I am a well-wisher of the Army myself, and not ashamed to be found in their company, and I have sat on their platforms and I hope to again.

* * *

Windsor, I am led to believe, is keeping up its reputation both for soul-saving and WAR CRY selling; but the Captain, poor fellow, I hear, is very sick, and I think we Christians should hold him up to the throne as well as the soldiers. God bless him. Many souls have been saved there of late, and most of them are found on the march. They don't forget the bridge that carried them over.

* * *

There is Kingsville, where Captain and Mrs. Trott are working away, and God is helping them to wipe off the debt and get souls saved as well, and I heard the D.O. say they were raising the WAR CRYS. Probably their neighbors will take the hint and go up a few, too.

* * *

I am informed that the recent high wind blew in the end of the Glencoe barracks, and they are unable to hold meetings. It seems too bad, as the faithful girl (Lieut Green, L. T. H.) who has been there nearly a year, has just got a good interest wakened up, and has now no place to hold meetings in; but God, who is wise, will show His servants what to do. "Poor D.O."

* * *

Chatham soldiers seem to be awakening an interest in town, and a few souls are being saved. They have 78 on the roll, and 55 and 60 on the march at times, and 12 bandsmen in full uniform. The Captain was heard to say that in the three months she has been here, over 60 have professed to get saved, over 20 out for holiness and several added to the roll.

* * *

The watch-night meeting appeared to be a big time. I managed to get in and get my soul well blessed. The leader exhorted them to pull themselves up and have a sort of a judgment day, and see if they were fit, should it come that night. I tell you we looked inside and outside to see where we were, and then we all got on our knees, and when the bell rang for twelve, " silence and pray " was the order, and we did so. The leader asked if there was any one who wanted to get saved, and out came THREE and got grandly saved.

* * *

The brass band was on hand at the close, and they, with the soldiers, went out for a big march, and, I tell you they made things hum. I was not asked to go on the march, but I fell in just the same, and got blessed. I would tell you more about it, but no doubt Mordecai or Esther will report it in full.

* * *

Every thing in the West seems to be going up, and so am I in my soul. Amen.

As usual,
RABBI.

Don't rest contented with getting the 20,000 souls saved, but make them into Soldiers.

A Palmerston Report.

ADJT. COUSINS.

Mrs. Williams Leads Off.

PALMERSTON.—It is some time since you heard from us, but we have been steadily marching on, fighting beneath the banner of the cross. Yesterday (Sunday) Mrs. Williams (ex-Capt. Teagle) was with us, and led great salvation meetings all day. Conviction was stamped on many faces as the blessed Gospel truth was told in all its simplicity, and at the close ONE dear little girl came to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Yours to follow Christ.

G. B. BROADWOOD, Sec'y.

French Tour in the East.

(Continued.)

Leaving Moncton our next stopping place was SHEDIAC, not a very fruitful field, alas! so far as the mission of the Salvation Army is concerned. Between thirty and forty turned out, however, and we warned them faithfully to escape from the wrath to come. We were glad to spend a few hours with the officers here, and sought to encourage each other mutually in the fight. At

SACKVILLE

we were reinforced by the officers of Dorchester, and very kindly welcomed by Capt. Smith and Cadet.

The weather was exceedingly severe and the crowd was also partially impeded by a sad drowning accident of skaters, of which one young man was a victim. This fact enabled us to press home the uncertainty of life, but no person decided openly to get assured in the great salvation company.

Boarded the cars again next day for

AMHERST,

where Capt. and Mrs. Steele (supplyers) did their utmost to make our visit a success. We had a fair crowd and nice meetings, and the promise of a better time still on our second visit.

Capt. Creighton and his Lieutenant were in waiting at

TRURO DEPOT

next evening to conduct us to our billet. A kind of sleet was falling, which, of course, was not conducive to a large crowd; however, after a lively little march round we took our places in a tolerably well-filled barracks. What struck our attention most was the immense distinction made between colored and white folks, the former being left to occupy the whole of one side of the building, while the whites were hemmed in, almost uncomfortably, on the other. Personally, I wonder how Truro folks will fare in heaven? Shall we be all one color there? Perhaps so: anyway, I do not think, even in the negative supposition, that Jehovah will portion us out that way. Glory to God, because He is no more respecter of men's color than of their tongue, otherwise we French speaking folks might feel left out.

However, the meeting was free and enjoyable, and after our departure one soldier wrote us that the Spirit of the Lord had impressed her to offer herself as a candidate for French warfare.

The next day being Saturday we took the early morning cars for

HALIFAX,

where, in every sense I think I may say, we had a crowning time. Capt. and Mrs. Frazer gave us a true Salvationist's welcome, and although unknown before, we were not long before we enjoyed each other's comradeship mightily.

Here we made acquaintance with an old convert of Regent's Hall corps, who fought side by side with Major Thonger, of Paris renown, so it was easy to find subjects of mutual interest in French warfare.

We had a crowded meeting at night, and much power and liberty rested upon soldiers and souls, although we had to close without penitents after all.

Sunday's meetings were good from beginning to end. Marches were rousing, open-airs well listened to, and inside meetings powerful, searching, and profitable. One soul came to the altar of consecration in the 11 a. m. service to yield her all to God.

At the evening meeting the barracks proved much too small for the crowds who were eagerly seeking admission, and, alas! alas! some hundreds we were told, had to turn away. May God grant that they be not so turned from the Kingdom's gates at last. In spite of tears and entreaties, conviction and appeals, no one ventured to the mercy seat, although we were delighted to hear from Capt. Frazer of TWO SOULS captured on the following evening.

By that time we had found our way to

WINDSOR,

where everybody had promised us a tremendous good time. Only in one particular were we disappointed, and that being nobody's fault we have certainly no one to blame. Bad weather was the misfortune which, of course, prevented a great number of delicate folks from turning out. Salvationists, however, were prepared, and out we marched, with Capt. Evans leading, to the tune of, "There is sunlight in my soul," in spite of the damp and rainy accompaniment.

Of welcomes we certainly had all that could have been extended, and right down glad were we to make acquaintances with a number whose fame had reached us as far away as the French battlefield, for be it known unto you, WAR CRY readers, that two of our French officers were stationed in English days at this corps.

What struck me on the platform was the predominence of red jerseys and hallelujah bonnets. Delightful sight to every true S. A. warrior's gaze.

Capt. Flossie Johnson, the Canadian wing poetess, was with us too, being on furlough. One comrade volunteered for the French war.

Receiving many invitations to come again, we departed next day for

BRIDGETOWN.

About 150 people composed our audience, and on the whole, seemed interested and friendly. Capt. Armstrong and Lieut. Ashford made us thoroughly at home, and our visit was not in vain I trust. At

ANNAPOLIS

we were again ill-favored by bad weather, and consequently a very small crowd, although those who did come certainly did their best to make up for it. God bless every one!

Capt. Boyer greatly interested us with an account of how God is leading him out to be the instrument of blessing to sick bodies as well as to sick souls.

The roughs seemed particularly interested in the French singing.

Next day we took the far-famed little steamboat "Evangeline," as far as Digby, going on by rail to

YARMOUTH,

in company with Capt. Archibald. Although late when we arrived, we received a most hearty welcome, and a barracks well filled with a sympathetic audience awaited. I must say that, personally, I enjoyed our visit to Yarmouth immensely, although not moreso than did the Staff.

The meeting was a blessed success, and we had the joy of leading one soul to Christ. It was a touching sight. Out of three sisters one had been saved a few days previous, the second was at the mercy seat, and the third, deeply convicted, mingled her tears with the others, although for some reason or other she did not dare to take the step her sisters had taken just then. There were other souls besides who labored under deep conviction and yet postponed their day of grace after all.

Next day we had time for a few visits. The first we called on was a poor old woman, never able to leave her room, miserable enough so far as this world's goods are concerned, yet rich in the love of Christ; only able to keep body and soul together by the kindness of two or three Christian friends, struggling with all her waning strength against the dreaded workhouse fate, and yet a blessed lesson of childlike dependance upon Father's care for her few temporal necessities. Father had sent her fuel before, surely He would do so again, for was He not cognizant of the nearly spent store and of His child's needs? With tears in her eyes she bade us good-bye, wishing as she said that she was some use to help to save the French by our side, and almost fretting because "she could not go."

Ah! methought, what scores and fifties of young and strong folks there are throughout the Dominion who could go if they only would; but, alas! alas! it has come to this, that the old and infirm, bordering on the gates of another world, are more easily touched with a feeling of sympathy for their fellow-creatures living in darkness of ignorance, than are the young and healthy, whose opportunities are in their own hands. May God preserve us from hardening our hearts in youth, or waiting for riper years before we let the tender, mellowing influences of His love stir us to service for Him.

A sister soldier was glad to see us, and took the occasion to give us a dollar to help on the war, and a personal souvenir by which to remember her as well.

Then we found ourselves at the jail—far famed Yarmouth jail, whose walls have seen forty conversions under the power of God. We spent a happy time here, and had a word or two, besides prayer, with the prisoners.

Lastly, but not least, we called on a lady whose heart is under the deep workings of the Spirit of Truth. May He bring her out into the large and open place of freedom and liberty enjoyed by the children of God.

Here we must stop, concluding our tour next week: D. V., in deference to the Editor's relentless scissors.

Yours for war,
NETTIE BIRCO.

A Plea for the French.

I've read much about foreign missions;
And the darkness in heathen lands;
I've heard stirring appeals that were uttered
By many an eloquent man.
My heart has been moved with pity
For the perishing souls abroad,
And I've wished—how I've wished I could labor
To bring the poor heathen to God.

I have read of the terrible Ganges,
Of the cruel torture by fire,
Of the hideous car of Juggernaut,
Till my soul filled with zealous desire;
And I've wept o'er the woes of the heathen
As such pitiful tales I've been told,
Of the darkness and superstition
Which envelops the heathen world.

But my soul has been stirred more deeply
Than by all those tales of woe,
By the sights I am daily seeing,
As around through this city I go;
For the deepest, the darkest of shadows
Envelopes the precious souls here,
While misery and superstition
Takes the place of godly fear.

They have beautiful altars and pictures,
Gems of the sculptor's art,
Enchanting and pleasing the senses,
But nothing to reach the heart;
Ah, those beautiful costly treasures
Tell a pitiful tale to me,
Of hearts that are sad and empty,
Of eyes that cannot see.

They speak of the souls that are hungry,
They speak of the hearts that long,—
For something, not given by the beauty,
Or the music of vesper's sweet song!
They're seeking to find salvation,
Striving with penance and tears,
To blot out from the Book of Remembrance
The guilt of many long years.

No one to tell them of Jesus,
Of His wonderful power to save,
Of the Light that hath shined through the darkness,
Bringing home the poor sin-bound slave!
No one to tell them their strivings,
Their penance and tears are in vain,
That a perfect and free salvation,
Was purchased, on Calvary for them.

I still feel for the woes of the heathen,
And gladly would help if I could,
The noble Christians who labor,
To bring them to light and to God.
But my heart feels still more for these Frenchmen
In darkness so near to our home,
So little is doing to help them,
So little has ever been done!

Oh! comrades, come over and help us,
The time is fast fleeting away;
Oh! listen! the call of thy Master—
"Come, work in My vineyard to-day."
While you linger the bright days are passing,
Hurrying men on to despair;
The harvest is great, will you garner,
And then in the " harvest home " share.

W. H.

Newfoundland Snacks.

BY JOLLY.

I happened to see Major just after coming home from his tour with Mrs. Calhoun. They had some real good times as they always do at the outharbors. Crowds came to see and hear them, and as a result many hundreds were blessed and several sought pardon.

* * *

Some of the meetings took the form of enrollments for soldiers. The rules were read and explained for the first time, but a few could not see the " why-and-wherefore" of such a clause, and I heard of one man who wanted a year to consider whether God wanted him to be an enrolled soldier or not. Patience, Major, patience.

* * *

It really comes to my mind that the secret and the will of God is known to those who serve Him and live with Him continually. Sanctified comrades, it does not take God a year to make known His will to us, does it? By faith I can hear thousands of holy Salvationists answer, " No, it does not."

* * *

At last St. John's II have got their colors. I saw them floating high in the procession Sunday afternoon, carried by a blood-and-fire lass with two stalwart men each side of her. It seemed to just set off the march as it unfurled and fluttered in the breeze, giving tone and spirit to all those who love it.

* * *

For sometime past I thought there was something missing in the march, but now No. 2 is alright. The soldiers feel more Salvation Army like, and Capt. Connett and his hallelujah wife, being old soldiers, feel more at home in the field with the grand old flag at their head which they love and cherish so much.

* * *

I was at the presentation of the above on Thursday last. No. 1 corps was united. I noticed several of the Island officers in the meeting who I learn were in the city for a few days waiting the boats to take them to their different corps. Most of them had farewelled and were going to march on to do their best in other places.

* * *

They did not look one bit discouraged, quite the reverse, for I noticed that bright, happy, satisfying look on all their faces. Some of them have been hard at it, "fighting it out" for a whole year in one corps. A sweet, pure salvation is a grand reward in time, and the " Well done" in eternity is all these comrades ask for.

* * *

Our Major, assisted by Mrs. Calhoun, led the meeting. It was a "jolly" blessed time. Mother —— was there, and as usual got lots of glory. She made one feel it too. Also the saved Pilly family— father, mother and daughter, and two sons—all wonderfully saved Salvation Soldiers. Father Pilly got saved first and then led the whole family to God. Hallelujah!

* * *

When Major asked all those who meant to be true to the Army, march and fight beneath the yellow, red and blue, to stand, a large number of soldiers arose to their feet, and their appearance bespoke the true " never-give-in" spirit to do as they sang to rally round the real Salvation Army banner. One got saved at this meeting and marched behind the flag on Sunday.

* * *

I called into the old fighting ground at No. 1 last week. What glorious times have been spent in this blessed spot! The hundreds of souls that have passed from death unto life, from wretchedness to happiness. The many drunkards made sober and saved, miserable homes made peaceable and bright with the light of salvation, and hundreds of hearts will say in Canada and Newfoundland, " God bless St. John's No. 1."

* * *

And from this place many a bright officer has gone forth saved, to save others. Their life and influence being felt wherever they go.

* * *

This work is still going on. The old war chariot is moving, for I heard that some five or six were saved there last week and more will come. The Blood is as powerful and the Cross jus as attractive as ever, bless God.

* * *

By the bye, I noticed several young converts in the march of No. 2 Sunday, singing the songs of joy, and looking as happy as many of the old warriors. Some of them have marched before, but disobedience and carelessness to pray made its mark and they fell, but Capt. C—— said the other day he was specially interested in backsliders, believed and worked for them, and many are coming back.

* * *

Others who I saw in the ranks had never before marched for God, and had never proved the power of God to save until a few weeks ago when I heard them cry and wail for mercy. They returned, and I do pray that all will be true to Him who has healed their backslidings and pardoned the past.

* * *

A special collection was asked for at No. 2 at a recent Sunday evening's meeting. I hear the audience down stairs responded well. On going to the gallery for the same one of the rough lads met the Cadet with the collection already collected in his hand; it showed a good sum. These lads, although unsaved, are interested in the S. A. meetings, as the note below will show.

* * *

Saturday night a "smart" young man— a constant disturber—came to the meeting to have some "fun," taking the Army as his mark. He went quite a long way, but a little too far, for some of the unsaved lads took him in hand, through the door he went, and when outside one undertook to give him a thorough thrashing. "He won't trouble you again, Captain," said the thrasher afterwards.

* * *

At every corps on the Island they are having large crowds and lots of souls are getting saved. This I heard Mrs. Calhoun say a few days ago as she was looking over a large heap of converts' slips. "Thank God," my heart responded for this cheering news.

* * *

The winter is our harvest time seemingly. In summer we sow the seed, water and care for it. We go forth with joy bringing sinners in.

* * *

" We are saved and happy on a Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday too,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
We are saved the whole week through.

Hamilton Hash.

D.O. SWEETMAN.

Four Souls Found Jesus.

PORT ROWAN.—The Devil has been put to flight in this part of the field. On Christmas our crowds were small. The Devil sent one old dupe along to upset our meeting, but the Captain helped him down stairs; he used his stick freely on the door-keeper, but through it all we are sweet in soul. On Sunday we divided up —Bro. Peack and the Captain walked to the Centre, and the Lieutenant and soldiers report good meetings at the Port. Captain and Grannie B. had a jig on the platform, and FOUR SOULS found Jesus; also the heroine who saved the Long Point Island crew, professed to find Christ, and still we sing, " Give to Jesus glory!"

HOWARD & WILL.

The Devil Was Robbed.

CALEDONIA.—Another week has passed and gone into eternity, and we can truly say, "The God of Jacob has been our help. The past two weeks have been blessed to our souls. The Devil has been terribly defeated, and robbed of two of his followers. We have been getting the victory in our own souls. The Devil has been real busy in cutting our drum to pieces, but it has returned to us with two good heads in it, and now we are going to let the Devil know that we still mean to conquer. We are determined to never give in; but to conquer or die.

Victory all along the line!

CAPT. L. MEDLOCK.

The Captain Farewells.

WELLAND.—After a fight of some six months and a half, farewell orders have arrived for Capt. Braund, and in accordance with the same, he farewelled on Sunday night; there was also a farewell in the Devil's camp, as ONE BACKSLIDER left the path of disobedience and came to God. May God keep him true!—may He keep us all true and help us to appear blameless before Him in that city whose builder and maker is God.

LIEUT. J. A. STREET.

God Saved Two Souls.

NIAGARA FALLS.—God has indeed been near us this last week. Soldiers are getting more life in them, and sinners are filling our barracks. Many are in trouble about their souls. The Capt. was away this week, yet God was here and saved TWO SOULS. Glory to God! Look out for a mighty revival here. Sinners must be saved, for Jesus has promised.

Yours for Capt. Hartrey,
JAS. DORAN.

Training Home Division.

MAJOR MARGETTS.

How They Danced.

LIPPINCOTT STREET.—The work is going on here, and the devil is being defeated. The old fellow must have been dismayed at the close of yesterday afternoon's meeting when THREE came to the mercy-seat. The soldiers rejoiced and danced in a way that only Lippincott Lancers can, and there surely was rejoicing in heaven. Major Glover was with us all day, and God did bless us. My own testimony is "Living to give Jesus glory."

CAPT. J. E. MILNER.

She Means to Help.

CENTRE STREET.—Surely it's true enough, we sow in tears and reap with joy at Centre St. Such a crowd of sin-blighted souls, lads who are bound down by drink and tobacco, come, time after time to the penitent-form to try and be good. Oh! the misery of sin we see. Well might we sit down and weep for the spoiling of the people, but God lives, and that to give victory. This we know and onward go, praising Him from whom all blessings flow. Yours to help win the twenty thousand.

CAPT. NELLIE PEARSON.

Getting in Earnest.

OTTAWA I.—Just a word to let you know the good news, and I'm sure you will rejoice with us. Blessed time all week. Christmas day was grand; THREE little lasses got saved; they will make good juniors. Sunday, a hand-to-hand fight, but, you ask " who got victory?" of course, our Leader did. EIGHT out at night, when we believe God spoke to all; half will make soldiers. They were all wanderers. Glory to God, they've come home. The soldiers are getting in earnest for souls. Glory!

CAPT. M. ELLIOTT.

BUY THE NEW ALMANAC FOR 1890.

Notes From West Nova Scotia.

D.O. BEATTY.

What He Loves to do.

DIGBY.—By the Spirit that prevails in the meetings we are led to believe for a mighty smash in the devil's kingdom soon. Many who have wandered from God are seeing wherein they are missing the joys of salvation by being led captives of the devil, and long to be made free once more. Jesus loves to save the backslider.

CAPT. J. ALLEN.

Three Souls Saved.

CANNING.—On Wednesday night we had Staff-Capt. Beatty with us, and God wonderfully spoke through him to the people. Many felt their need of Christ. TWO who had wandered away from God came back to Him. We had good meetings all day on Sunday. In our knee drill ONE MAN asked God to forgive him. He means to be true this time. God bless him. We are believing to see many more coming to Jesus and getting right. Pray for us.

CAPT. F. McLEAN.

TWENTY THOUSAND SOULS!

WE SHALL GET THEM.

According to our faith it shall be done.

Newfoundland News.

MAJOR CALHOUN

Their Drum Head Burst.

HANTS HARBOR.—Praise God. We are steadily marching on in the strength of God. While marching in the frost and snow yesterday our hallelujah drummer burst the head of the drum. The devil was glad, but we got the victory. We had a swinging free-and-easy in the afternoon, led by Bros. J. Short and W. Lader. The night meeting was a time of power. The soldiers were filled with God. We are believing for lots of souls yet. The devil must yield. " Victory or death," is our motto.

SAL. A. SINGLE.

She Says "Good-Bye."

GRAND BANK. — We have just said "good-bye" to our dear comrades and kind friends of Grand Bank. During our stay of nearly twelve months we have seen many victories won, and as we review the past we can truly say " Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Bless His name." We shall not soon forget the kindness of the Grand Bank people. May the Lord reward them, is our prayer. We leave behind a little band of blood-washed warriors, who, if only true to the vows made to God, will do mighty damage to the devil. God bless them.

CAPT. PENNEY.

The Colors Presented.

GREENSPOND. — We have had the pleasure of having Mrs. Major Calhoun with us for a few days. She arrived on Saturday, Nov. 23rd, and on account of the steamer being delayed did not leave until yesterday evening, Dec. 1st. On Monday night she presented colors to the 7th Newfoundland corps. All seemed to enjoy the meeting and some said it was the best they had been in for some time. We had good meetings, but only TWO left the ranks of sin. We are thankful for those, but feel sure there should have been many more.

CAPT. FRY.

34—Enrolled—34

BAY ROBERTS.—We had another enrollment on Thursday night when 34 other converts were enrolled and decided to do their utmost for the Saviour; willing to be anything or nothing for Jesus' sake, that His Kingdom may be extended. We mean to live for Jesus.

LIEUT. A. O. REINS.

One E.N.S. Shot.

D. O. COOPER.

Not a Murder.

PARRSBORO.—The Lord is saving the children. Last night we had FIVE more to the front. At night we had a Drunkards' Home meeting. As Sergt. and Mrs. Wilson, with the children, told of God's power to save, many were led to see the terrible misery that drink brings into a home, and as Sister Wilson spoke of being afraid many times of being murdered by her husband. Old things have passed away. Now, Sergt. wears the red and Mrs. the bonnet, and indeed they look happy. Jesus is mighty to save.

M. AND M.

SELF-DENIAL FUND FOR '89.

Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland.

DIVISIONAL COMPETITION LIST.

To give every Division a fair chance it was arranged to decide the Competition not simply by the totals received, but by a comparison with the total average weekly income in each Division. This will give even the poorest Division a good opportunity of being first, as of course a Division with a large weekly income will need a correspondingly large Self-Denial total to take the head of the list.

Divisional Competition List

On the Average System.

1. Manitoba District.
2. Toronto Division.
3. TORONTO T. H. DIVISION.
4. ST. JOHN T. H. DISTRICT.
5. EAST NOVA SCOTIAN DISTRICT.
6. BRITISH COLUMBIA "
7. WEST NOVA SCOTIAN "
8. PETERBORO DIVISION.
9. LONDON "
10. OTTAWA DISTRICT.
11. KINGSTON DIVISION.
12. NEW BRUNSWICK DISTRICT.
13. HAMILTON DIVISION.
14. WOODSTOCK "
15. PALMERSTON DISTRICT.
16. BARRIE DIVISION.
17. MONTREAL "
18. CHATHAM "
19. NEWFOUNDLAND.

Divisional List.

Showing the Exact Amount Received From Each Division.

Manitoba and Ass. District	$733 75
Toronto T. H. Division	680 97
West Nova Scotia "	643 47
East " " "	583 19
Alta and British Columbia Div.	376 75
London and Stratf'rd District	439 12
New Brunswick District	374 81
Hamilton Division	355 66
Ottawa District	349 07
Toronto Division	345 91
St. John T. H. District	335 43
Peterboro Division	329 32
Kingston "	295 27
Woodstock "	295 01
Barrie "	281 89
Chatham "	250 85
Montreal "	237 62
Palmerston "	131 61
Newfoundland Division	105 05
French Division	3 60
	$7,350 35
O. H. T. D.	157 35
Headquarters Staff	101 52
Direct Donations	72 31
Rescue Home Officers	4 60
Home of Rest Officers	4 00
	$ 339 78
	$7,690 13

Corps List.

Showing the Amounts Received from Each Corps.

Manitoba and Assiniboia Dist.

MAJOR YOUNG.

Winnipeg	$278 80
Portage la Prairie	134 85
Brandon	102 90
Morden	101 40
Neepawa	34 10
Moose Jaw	27 85
Carberry	27 75
Rapid City	17 75
Emerson	9 10
Minnedosa	1 75
	$735 75

Training Home Division.

MAJOR MARGETTS.

Lippincott Street	$82 20
Temple	77 15
Ottawa	76 21
Richmond Street	75 34
Yorkville	70 31
West Toronto Junction	65 77
Lisgar Street	51 71
Riverside	47 79
Brantford	42 15
Arthur Street	23 24
Eglinton	21 74
Yorkville T. H.	11 33
Little York	7 16
Lippincott T. H.	6 35
Parkdale	4 60
Centre Street	3 05
Special Donations	14 75
	$680 97

West Nova Scotia District.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY.

Halifax I, N. S.	$135 38
Windsor, "	112 18
Dartmouth "	74 59
Lunenburg, "	61 98
Yarmouth, "	59 70
Halifax II "	44 14
Annapolis, "	39 70
Liverpool, "	27 01
Bridgetown, "	20 50
Canning, "	17 00
Bear River, "	10 21
Digby "	8 45
Freeport, "	6 48
Waterville, "	6 00
Westport, "	5 45
Kentville, "	2 48
Lawrencet'n, "	2 13
Staff-Capt. Beatty	10 00
	$643 47

East Nova Scotia District.

STAFF-CAPT. COOPER.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.	$76 00
New Glasgow, N S.	62 07
Parrsboro "	51 85
Summerside, P.E.I.	50 16
Picton, N.S.	50 05
Stellarton, "	36 95
Westville, "	35 10
Cow Bay, C.B.	33 23
S. Sydney, "	32 72
N. Sydney, "	30 22
Oxford, N.S.	23 01
Spring Hill Mines. N.S	20 77
Truro "	18 90
Vale Colliery, "	16 35
Pugwash, "	11 47
Guysboro, "	8 94
Georgetown, P.E.I.	6 29
Shubenacadie, N.S.	4 88
Staff-Capt. Cooper,	13 23
	$583 19

Alberta and British Columbia District.

STAFF-CAPT. SCOTT.

Nanaimo	$172 33
Victoria	131 40
New Westminster	101 80
Vancouver	78 93
Calgary	70 50
Kamloops	21 73
	$576 75

London and Stratford District.

MAJOR MORRIS.

Stratford	$50 50
London	48 88
Strathroy	33 04
Goderich	32 55
Seaforth	31 81
Mitchell	24 92
Sarnia	22 39
Clinton	22 05
Watford	21 50
Petrolia	21 40
Forest	21 30
Glen Rae	16 80
Parkhill	13 12
Bayfield	13 00
Alvinston	13 00
Marthaville	10 35
Thedford	8 35
St. Marys	8 10
Oil Springs	7 71
Wyoming	5 87
Exeter	85
Major Morris and Scribe	5 50
	$439 12

New Brunswick Division.

STAFF-CAPT. McINTYRE.

Fredericton, N. B.	$94 78
Chatham, "	36 72
St. Stephen "	30 00
Newcastle, "	20 35
Campbellton, "	17 90
Moncton, "	14 85
Carried forward	$

Brought forward	$
Woodstock, N. B.	12 85
Amherst, "	12 62
Hillsboro "	12 00
North Head, "	9 67
Sackville "	9 20
Sussex, "	8 75
Dorchester, "	8 55
Hartland, "	7 00
Salisbury, "	6 35
Hopewell Cape, "	6 00
Glen Levitt, "	4 95
Douglastown, "	4 40
Woodward's Cove, N.B	3 75
La Tete, N. B.	3 60
Bathurst, "	3 00
Petitcodiac "	1 00
St George, "	87
Shediac, "	55
Staff-Capt. McIntyre	5 00
	$374 81

Hamilton Division.

STAFF-CAPT. SWEETMAN.

Hamilton I	$114 90
Simcoe	39 08
Waterdown	32 60
Port Erie	27 32
Dundas	22 57
Port Dover	21 95
St. Catharines	21 32
Hamilton II	20 90
Port Rowan	18 65
Oakville	10 75
Niagara Falls	9 25
Delhi	4 66
Waterford	1 90
Hagersville	1 52
Oshweken	40
No statement	2 95
Staff-Capt. Sweetman	4 00
Capt. McGillivray	1 00
	$355 66

Ottawa District.

ADJUTANT SHARP.

Cornwall	$67 00
Pembroke	40 60
Morrisburg	31 00
Kemptville	30 95
Brockville	29 05
Renfrew	18 60
Maxville	17 95
Carleton Place	16 00
Almonte	13 70
Prescott	13 21
Chesterville	12 01
Athens	10 00
Cobden	9 80
Avonmore	7 00
West Winchester	5 43
Perth	2 35
Adjut. Sharp (personal)	8 00
" " (divisional)	16 60
	$349 07

Toronto Division.

STAFF-CAPT. PHILPOTT.

Bowmanville	$59 24
Owen Sound	51 95
Brampton	39 55
Richmond Hill	34 39
Oshawa	25 48
Brooklin	20 51
Whitby	14 60
Dundalk	14 07
Courtice	13 01
Uxbridge	10 70
Sutton West	10 45
Tyrone	10 45
Unionville	10 35
Shelburne	7 10
Orangeville	5 30
Mount Albert	4 60
Newcastle	3 00
Hampton	2 85
Pickering	2 55
Milton	2 15
Stouffville	80
Staff-Capt. Philpott	5 00
	$345 91

St. John T. H. Division.

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. SOUTHALL.

St. John I	$200 34
St. John II	33 00
Carleton, N. B.	30 58
Fairville, "	26 99
St. John III	19 92
Hampton	12 35
T. H.	6 35
Staff-Capt. Southall	5 00
Direct Donation	1 00
	$335 45

Peterboro Division.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL.

Peterboro	$88 75
Tweed	36 72
Lindsay	34 34
Bobcaygeon	31 75
Campbellford	24 50
Carried forward	$

Brought forward	[illegible]
Port Hope	[illegible]
Cobourg	[illegible]
Madoc	[illegible]
Brighton	[illegible]
Fenelon Falls	[illegible]
Kinmount	[illegible]
Omemee	[illegible]
Millbrook	[illegible]
Warkworth	[illegible]
Lakefield	[illegible]
Oakwood	[illegible]
Port Perry	[illegible]
Norwood	[illegible]
	$329 32

Kingston Division.

MAJOR WOOLLEY.

Kingston	$138 33
Belleville	44 60
Picton	16 40
Deseronto	15 [illegible]
Portsmouth	11 [illegible]
Odessa	10 47
Napanee	9 71
Yarker	5 88
Bloomfield	5 [illegible]
Bath	5 78
Sunbury	5 35
Stirling	4 89
Canifton	4 35
Gananoque	3 35
Cataraqui	[illegible]
Trenton	2 55
Consecon	2 00
Wellington	[illegible]
Major Woolley	5 00
	$295 27

Woodstock Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BAUGH.

Guelph	$97 56
Woodstock	31 35
Rockwood	29 40
Ingersoll	25 97
Berlin	15 28
Fergus	14 95
Paris	13 45
St. Thomas	13 12
Norwich	10 60
Galt	7 95
Acton	7 85
Plattsville	6 26
Ayr	5 00
Tilsonburg	5 55
Otterville	5 00
Drumbo	2 80
Elora	1 40
Thamesford	1 22
Staff-Capt. Baugh	5 00
	$295 01

Barrie Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BODY.

Barrie	$63 69
Parry Sound	53 97
Orillia	33 12
Feversham	21 38
Stroud	12 99
Midland	11 35
Coldwater	9 78
Hillsdale	9 26
Bradford	9 01
Huntsville	8 96
Gravenhurst	8 86
Aurora	7 94
Newmarket	7 77
Collingwood	4 35
Meaford	2 20
Bracebridge	2 14
Alliston	2 00
Beeton	1 50
Creemore	1 00
Stayner	50
Staff-Capt. Body	10 00
	$281 89

Chatham Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BOLTON.

Essex Centre	$38 66
Amherstburg	37 70
Chatham, Ont	35 83
Windsor	29 31
Dresden	19 75
Bothwell	19 01
Comber	10 44
Wheatley	8 05
Kingsville	6 93
Ridgetown	5 70
Wallaceburg	5 66
Woodslee	5 20
Blenheim	4 25
Thamesville	3 55
Highgate	3 50
Glencoe	3 50
Tilbury Centre	2 75
Wardsville	2 50
Leamington	2 00
Newbury	1 00
Dutton	50
Staff-Capt. Bolton	3 00
	$250 85

Montreal Division.

MAJOR SPOONER.

LaChute	$70 58
Montreal I. and II.	66 26
Quebec II	25 49
Cowansville	15 30
Richmond	13 97
Sherbrooke	12 00
Knowlton	8 46
North Coaticooke	6 10
Danville	5 95
Magog	4 00
Bedford	3 50
Coaticooke	2 00
Waterloo	1 00
Major Spooner	4 00
	$237 62

Palmerston Division.

ADJT. COUSINS.

Listowel	$41 18
Palmerston	20 05
Wingham	18 10
Brussels	18 00
Tiverton	12 65
Port Elgin	8 73
Paisley	5 00
Harriston	3 25
Chesley	3 05
Walkerton	3 00
Drayton	2 96
Wiarton	2 42
Wroxeter	2 35
Southampton	2 00
Durham	1 99
Blyth	1 72
Mount Forest	1 66
Adjt. Cousins	3 50
	$131 61

Newfoundland Division.

MAJOR CO HOUN.

St. John's I	$41 33
Grand Banks	22 00
Twillingate	8 50
Brigus	5 51
Bonavista	4 43
Catalina	4 40
Greenspond	2 00
Fortune	1 60
Sundries, no acct	17 29
Major Calhoun	8 00
	$105 05

Quebec French Division.

STAFF-CAPT. SIMCOE.

Montreal III	3 10
St. John's, P.Q	50
	$3 60

JEWELRY received from the following:—

Robert Rushbrook, Fredericton, from St. John, N.B. Corps; a friend, Richmond St.; Miss Lizzie Booth; a young lady of Drumbo; Bro. Clark, Bowmanville; Miss Reed, Clinton, Ont.; Mr. John Murchison, Meaford; Minn's Gregory, Fredericton; W. E. H. Rerk, Sherbrooke; Mrs. E. Clark, Summerside; Truro Corps; John Flinn, Summerside; Mary Menzie, Sydney; Sergt. Ibboteson, Temple Corps; Mrs. Fanny Morrison, Richmond St.; Francis Martin, Maple Hill.

SUMMARY.

To Amt. Soldiers Envelopes	$2,298 13	By Postage, Expressage, Printing, Stationery, &c.	$1,690 13
" " Friends "	1,412 74		
" " Door to Door Envelopes	986 00		
" " Collected by Officers and Soldiers	1,515 04		
" " Collected by Junior Soldiers	344 08		
" " Special Donations	439 28		
" " Corps Collections	794 86	By Balance to India	6,000 00
	$7,690 13		$7,690 13

Certified to be Correct.—A. MORTON, Cashier.

Headquarters, January 7th, 1890.

EAR AND EYE SKETCHES.

From the East.

"AL."

One was an S. A. Soldier, the other a convert. The soldier was fireman in a factory and they were on their knees before the furnace door. In passing I paused to see what was up, and I heard one read from a book "Where I am, there ye may be also." My heart said "Hallelujah!" and I passed on unobserved, but blessed in my soul by that simple act.

• • • •

Before she met the S. A. she was very bad with spiritual indigestion and attended —— where she tried to swallow spiritual beef-steak, but it was agony. In a holiness meeting in the S. A. God healed her spiritual disease and gave her a full salvation, and now she enjoys the good things of God.

• • • •

A man in the audience said, "If it is God's will you should be a Christian in the S. A. you can not be one anywhere else." I thought it spoke volumes of truth!

• • • •

I had heard him pray before, but I counted this time, and he actually repeated "Oh, God!" eighteen times during a prayer of about a minute in length. Are you a habitual pray-er?

• • • •

He said "I am a hero of Waterloo (street corps,) who had rebelled against God for four-score years, and was brought to God in the S. A."

• • • •

He had been under conviction for fourteen years, and during that time a shadow had followed him day and night, but it was dispelled at the Cross and he is now a happy Salvationist. On New Year's morning he had the joy of seeing his dear wife roll her burden at Jesus' feet.

• • • •

It was at the funeral of a dear man who had lived for God and died in the faith that a man said to a companion, "Just as we get ready to enjoy life we have got to die."

• • • •

I thought, "Thank God I enjoy the present life, and am ready for the life to come."

They were urging him to leave the S. A. and join —— as the S. A. could not feed him spiritually as they were ignorant people generally.

• • •

He replied, "Did you ever hear tell of a man building a foundation in one place and putting the brick on another? Well I believe God has laid the foundation stone of the S. A. and will build the walls upon it." Amen.

• • •

A soldier met an old chum who offered him a drink on New Year's day. But he declined with thanks, saying God had taken the desire for drink and sin out of his heart, and now he enjoys himself properly.

• • •

At the end of the day he was counting thus:—Four and one makes five, and one counts six souls to-day towards the great 20,000 soul boom.

• • •

The latest on the board was a singing battle. As a result one soul was swept in to the fountain and got rid of his sins. Hallelujah!

• • •

Banquet brevities.—Old and young were there; also the rich and poor, fat and lean, male and female, large and small, hungry and delicate, citizen and rustic, saved and unsaved.

• • •

The good things were piled around some while some piled them in their pockets. Others ate their fill and pocketed none. Some talked about spiritual matters, while others, —— perhaps it is best not to say. Everyone appeared good-natured if certain officers did arrive too late to get their tea.

• • •

The supply of tea was in abundance, but what puzzled most people was who the farewell banquet was for as no one farewelled except one soul from sin after the meeting.

• • •

Of course the bride and groom were there, also the young man of bass drum fame, and best of all the Spirit of God was there and fed our inward appetite on spiritual food.

• • •

This all happened at ——. Oh, well, the Jew (or) or Wiseman can tell you, but it was *all South* of the T. H., and the *Larder* was nicely filled with good things which we enjoyed; New Year's (K)night.

THE OLD STORY.

BY SERGT. ZURHORST.

TUNE—*I'm saved and happy.*

I will tell you of a story,
  I heard some time ago;
This story is of Calvary,
  Where the Saviour's blood did flow
To save a world of sinners.
  This Saviour Christ did come,
Deep-dyed or just beginners,
  He bids them all come home.

CHORUS.

Oh, glory Hallelujah,
I'm on my journey home.

OR

I'm saved and happy on a Monday,
  Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday too;
Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
  I'm saved the whole week through.

His life on earth was lowly,
  And He dwelt amongst the poor,
His heart was pure and holy,
  His grief o'er sinners sore.
In doing good His life was spent,
  Poor sick ones he made well,
Yes, every hour and moment
  To save from sin and hell.

Some say this story's threadbare,
  And has no power when told,
But it brings us heavenly welfare,
  That's better far than gold.
Its beginning has the manger,
  Its ending has the cross,
It shows the sinner's danger,
  And their eternal loss.

When first I heard this story,
  I just got saved in time,
Now I'm going up to glory,
  On the Hallelujah line.
Although I was a sceptic,
  And oft its truth would doubt,
But now I've turned poetic,
  And I tell its beauties out.

TO OUR AUXILIARIES.

We see no sufficient reason why every Army friend should not be also an auxiliary. We are sincerely desirous that our League should promote union between our soldiers and those who are regular attendants at our meetings. Our present Auxiliaries can do us good service by forwarding to us the names of friends who would like either to join our League or to help us in some of the varied departments of our work.

• • •

The first aim—nay, the whole motive of our Army work is a spiritual aim and motive. To get Christians fully consecrated to the service of our King must ever be the mainspring of our work among the auxiliary members of the League. Conversions must follow as a legitimate consequence when Christians become sanctified.

• • •

Active service is ever a speedy result of sanctification. Once the Holy Ghost takes possession of a soul as an earnestly sought, honored guest, He is sure to beget a resistless desire for service. The command is accompanied with the means of its fulfilment. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure."—Phil. ii., 12, 13.

• • •

"There are many things in the Army of which I disapprove, although I believe it is doing a grand work." "And yet you would thrust aside your own likes and dislikes if you knew some obnoxious method had been used of God in the conversion of a soul," was our reply to the above statement.

"Oh, yes, yes!" was the eager reply.

"What is it that specially offends your taste?" we asked, half dreading as we spoke lest a useless controversy might be provoked by our question.

The answer dealt with some trivial point in the arrangement of our meetings. Before rising to go, our friend said, with an honest grace, which drew our heart towards her:

"Well, I don't think, after all, that I have any objections to the Army."

• • •

On looking back we feel quite certain that we could never have freed ourselves from our own old prejudices against Army methods. When we obeyed the call of God and took the post appointed by Him for us, our prejudices vanished, we know not how or where. It is a good plan when objections are urged against some proposed attack upon the great surrounding kingdom of darkness and unrighteousness to ask oneself calmly: "Is the objector a fully consecrated, a sanctified soul?" If the answer is an honest affirmative, then, by all means, examine his statement with due care. If, on the contrary, the objection has been mooted by an unconverted person, or by one of little spiritual discernment, surely you ought not to allow it to divert your support and influence from the Army.

• • •

"Can you not be saved without beating a drum?" somebody objected once to a saved convict, who had been attracted by the despised drum into the very meeting where he gave his heart to Jesus.

"Better to beat a drum in the Army than to trundle a wheel-barrow in the prison yard," was our comrade's reply.

"But surely it is unnecessary to wear that uniform?"

"What's the matter with it? It's better than the one I wore for the Government for three years," he answered, with grim humor.

• • •

Another of our converts inquired of his gentle objector:—"As you are a lady you will not refuse to tell me why you object to the Salvation Army."

"Yes, I will tell you," was the response. "I want the poor people to come up to my level, I do not want to go down to theirs."

"That's a cold invitation," was the only comment made by the other.

God could doubtless have forced humanity up to Himself. It was not, however, His chosen mode of action. The Christ came down to our level in order to draw us up to God. We wish to go down to the poorest, the lowest, the most abandoned, in order to draw them up, as Jesus Christ draws us—infinitely to God."

M. S. N.

INFLUENZA!

Sin's Grip! What a scare, all through this influenza! It has surely "gripped" many, and no doubt it will grip many more. Papers are full of the accounts of its awful ravages. Wherever it appears, the inhabitants take all kinds of precautions to avoid it; but how strange, that amid all this excitement over a disease, which in many cases is really not so bad as represented, millions of people fail to see the terrible and deadly outcome of that disease of all diseases—sin. Certain kinds of medicine may ease influenza, but there is only one remedy for the awful train of evils which have their foundation in that one great malady—sin. Drink, misery, wretchedness, want, are all brought about by sin; but thank God, Jesus, the Great Physician lives. The Salvation which He died to purchase, is a sure cure for the sinner. Let every officer and soldier sound abroad the fame of the Great Doctor.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

S. F. S.

I look from that mount of the prophet,
  Where one stands on a New Year's Eve,
O'er the year that is past and the coming,
  With eyes that forget how to grieve.

And my faith grows slight for the New Year,
  'Neath the rainbows God rears o'er the past,
What strength can we pray for, my comrades,
  We have not found Him grant to our past?

Through valley, and desert, and hill-land,
  We marched in the year that is dead;
Over mountains, through rivers and oceans
  We shall pass e're the next one has fled.

Oh, these valleys!—the "valley of vision,"
  Where, "discomfited, downtrod, perplexed!"
The walls of our city crashed round us,
  And we looked from one breach to the next.

We have gazed through a sunset on Moab,
  O'er a green land which laughed in the light,
And have seen it at daybreak, "soul-trembling,"
  "Laid waste, brought to naught in a night!"

But the desolate place He replanted,
  And the wastes, He has builded anew,
And over the valley of weeping
  He poured down His grace with the dew!

The wilderness-way of His making
  Is cooled by His own living springs,
And beyond the dark flood of each river
  Lies "the place of the rustling of wings."

TWENTY THOUSAND SOULS!

WE SHALL GET THEM.

According to our faith it shall be done.

London Lights.

MAJOR MORRIS.

Hot for the Devil.

ALVINSTON.—On Monday night ONE soul sought pardon and found it. Sunday we had a good day. We started the day at knee-drill, full of faith. ONE saved in the holiness meeting marched in the afternoon. TWO more saved in the afternoon, making four for the week. Three of them testified on the platform on Sunday night. This is what I like to see. The devil is getting woke up. We are going to make it hot for him.

CAPT. S. WIGGINS.

Four Crying for Mercy.

LONDON.—Christmas Day was one of blessing. During the afternoon meeting deep conviction was upon the countenances of the unsaved, but none would yield to the strivings of God's spirit. The night meeting was the crowning time, while FOUR were crying for mercy. A poor drunkard came forward and got gloriously saved, and God has enabled him to live to His glory since.

LIEUT. OATES.

ONLY ONE WESTERN REPORT!

MAJOR YOUNG.

What He Told Captain.

MOOSE JAW.—Hallelujah, here we are again. God has been in our midst saving souls. Praise His name. His power was felt. Sinners felt it. One comrade said to me, "Captain, I got sanctified to-night." I tell you his face showed that a change had taken place. God will, by His Spirit, so work in us that sinners shall be led to see and feel their need of salvation.

W. A. FOY.

OTTAWA OVERTURES

ADJT. SHARP.

Hatred versus Love.

MORRISBURG.—Yesterday, Sunday, we had grand meetings all day. We went forth armed with the armour of God to fight against the devil. Bless His dear name, He has helped us to give the devil some good hard knocks. We got the victory and the devil lost one of his soldiers. Our hearts jumped for joy as ONE DEAR MAN came forward, broken down on account of his sins, which he confessed to Christ and He took him in. In his testimony he said that he used to hate the Army and did all he could to upset us, but as they used to have their open-airs in front of his shop he used to listen to them, and at last he went to hear what they had to say at the barracks. He kept going, as he could not stay away. The spirit of God took hold of him, and he thanked God yesterday afternoon that he could say the burden had gone and he was saved. He was on the platform last night, a happy man. We are having victory at our outpost, eight recruits ready to be enrolled. Keep believing. God is working with the people and making them miserable on account of sin.

LIEUT. HARDING.

God's Love Conquered.

PERTH.—This morning we do rejoice in the God of our salvation for the wondrous things He has done. We had the joy yesterday of seeing TWO PRODIGALS return to their Father's house. They have long withstood His pleadings and spurned His offered grace, but at last the love of Jesus has broken their hard hearts, and subdued their stubborn wills, and brought them to His feet. There are many more in the valley of indecision, and we are believing to see them coming to the Master.

CAPT. LAURA HINTON.

The Future!

CORNWALL.—We are marching on in the strength of our God. More than ever we have renewed our covenant with Him. As the old year is now gone and the new year has come we feel determined that we shall live more devoted to God, and be true to our vows. We thank God for the victories in the past, but we are believing for greater in the future. We are going in to win in the strength of our King. Christ shall reign.

CAPT. MAY WATSON.

Four Souls Saved.

PEMBROKE.—We have some blood-and-fire soldiers and Methodists here in Pembroke. The devil was made to quake, especially when FOUR SOULS left his ranks last week. Seven recruits were enrolled last Tuesday under the blood-and-fire flag, among them being a man who sold his wife once for $4.00. He's glad he met the Army and Jesus.

LIEUT. F. MCKENZIE.

Victory Shall Come.

KEMPTVILLE.—Soldiers are getting better, and sinners and backsliders are getting more miserable. We are praying that God will continue to make them so. Amen. That's right, comrades: let us have more prayer and faith, and it shall bring the victory. Hallelujah!

LIEUT. KIDD.

Four Strong Men.

WINCHESTER.—We resolved to do something extraordinary for God on Christmas day, so we marched out at five o'clock in the morning and then met for knee drill. God came very near and blessed us wonderfully. In the afternoon meeting there was no break, but at night the Spirit of God took hold of the meeting and FOUR STRONG MEN wept their way to the Cross. Glory to God! Victory alone satisfies us, and victory we are bound to get.

LIEUT. G. W. FORD.

Peterboro' Pointers

D. O. MARSHALL.

Twelve Souls. Hallelujah!

COBOURG.—We want to tell you that we are rolling on down here in Cobourg, and souls are being converted. Since our last report TWELVE have come and found Christ to be all and in all. Soldiers are getting more in fighting trim, and are going in for souls, and we are bound to do our share toward the 20,000 souls. God helping us. Look out for reports. Yours, living for nothing else but souls,

DICK MUTTON.

A High Old Time.

OAKWOOD.—Thank God, we are still marching on to victory. In spite of the unfavorable weather our meetings are good. Friday, 27th, we had with us D. O. Marshall, Staff-Capt. Griffiths, and the Lindsay brass band, and others too numerous to mention. The banquet and jubilee was a gigantic success. God was in our midst, but none would yield and give up sinning, but many are in pickle, and unless they turn they will soon be in hell. Sinner, take warning; death is coming. Where will you spend eternity?

CAPT. STOCKTON.

Five Fine Fish.

LINDSAY.—Since last you heard from us God has been working, and as a result the devil has been trying to upset us; he overstepped his mark, however, for on Sunday night while he was trying to upset the meeting at the back of the hall FIVE of his followers got disgusted with him and came over on the Lord's side. They all testified to God's saving power, and we wound up by a march round the barracks and praising God for His goodness. We are believing for a mighty victory.

LIEUT. B. NEELY.

Three Prodigals.

PETERBORO'.—It makes our hearts rejoice to see the prodigals return to their Father's house. THREE souls sought the Saviour last week, and we have every reason to believe they found Him. To all appearances they are doing well. To God be all the glory. Prayer is the secret of soul-saving.

LIEUT. W. WHITE.

Two Toronto Cheers.

D. O. PHILPOTT.

100 Dollars for Mother.

OSHAWA.—Oshawa to the front again. God is keeping His soldiers fighting against sin and the devil, and we continue to have good crowds. Last Sunday the soldiers took hold of God in mighty faith, and the meetings were blessed. On Sunday night three soldiers spoke, who had been confirmed drunkards. One said that although he earned good wages, it all went for drink, except about $100 he gave to his mother in nine years, but now his delight is in the law of his God. At the close of the meeting THREE backsliders came to God. We are praying that they will become real blood-and-fire soldiers.

HETT AND CALDWELL.

Got Beautifully Saved.

TYRONE.—Praise the dear Lord for victory. We commenced Sunday morning in faith, believing for the Lord to save someone. Deep conviction in the meetings all day. At the close of the night meeting ONE backslider returned home again and got beautifully saved. We are believing for greater times here yet.

CAPT. E. HAIGH.

SOLDIERS, you are expected to do something in the Soul Boom.

Montreal Mince

MAJOR SPOONER.

SHERBROOKE.—

S—stands for souls of which this week we had TWO,
H—stands for heaven, where they will go if they are true;
E—stands for enemy, and we are on his track,
R—stands for religion, which draws the devil back.
B—stands for better when cleansed from all your sin,
R—stands for right, which makes brave women and men.
O—stands for onward to that bright and happy clime,
O—stands for obedience, the hallelujah line.
K—stands for kicking the devil here below,
E—stands for evil, which we don't want to know.

Bro. F——, for Capt. L. Daymond.

One Woman Saved.

MONTREAL I.—On Saturday night last when the invitation was given for those who wanted to be saved to come forward, ONE WOMAN rose from her seat and came right out to the penitent form, and the burden was soon rolled from her heart. She went home and told her unsaved husband she had been to the Salvation Army and had given her heart to God and that he must get saved too. Then she got the Bible down and said, "We must have family prayer" (something that was never known before in the house). They prayed, I understood the husband to say, till one o'clock Sunday morning (for he then wanted to serve God too). They came to the holiness meeting at eleven o'clock, and when the invitation was given the husband volunteered out and got properly saved. Hallelujah! TWO others (backsliders) and a number for holiness was the total for this week.

CAPT. ED. KELLY.

How They Spent Christmas.

LA CHUTE.—We had five most blessed meetings. The early one was grand and glorious. The second one, at Brumnshire, was one that will not be forgotten. A man gave $5 in the collection, and then got saved at the close, and then gave us a turkey. In the afternoon a sin-sick BACKSLIDER came out and got right with God. At night the MAN'S WIFE fell at Jesus' feet. SIX SOULS in another report.

CAPT. W. B. CARDIFF.

Kingston Knots.

A. D. C. VEALE.

Lots of S.A. Friends.

TRENTON.—

Though so long silent keeping,
We are not dead—nor sleeping.

Our banquet and jubilee and anniversary meetings throughout, were successful. Our friends are not near all dead yet, God bless them!

Since last report we have been encouraged by seeing TWO SOULS saved at the penitent form, one in her seat, and another at home during a visit—making four altogether!

We were singing the other day—

"Christmas with Jesus
Is just the thing for me."

Praise God, it's true! Nothing can satisfy like Jesus. We are just as happy as at Christmas, all the time.

If you want to know who's bound to go up, I tell you it's your comrades on the Trent and CAPT. WERRY.

Twenty-eight Testimonies.

GANANOQUE.—God gave us an Xmas box on Christmas night in the shape of SEVEN SOULS pleading for salvation—all testified to the fact. Five were in the march the next night, out of the seven, while another soul jumped splash into the fountain for pardon. On Saturday night we had a rousing march, a full house, 28 testimonies, and some real songs made a very interesting time. It was good to be there. Sunday, kneedrill larger. At the holiness meeting, two made a perfect surrender to God to follow Him. Afternoon short-sharp-and-to-the-point meeting was a real hell-awakening time. It was good, at night, to see FOUR MORE at Jesus' feet, pleading for mercy. One boy, who got saved on Monday night, brought his mother, with her silvery grey hair, to Jesus' feet. We give to Jesus glory for the two who made a full surrender, and also for the twelve who got saved. Pray for us.

CAPT. JOHNNIE GALE.

A Keeping Salvation.

YARKER.—This past week has been one of victory. We have one dear man who got saved some time ago, and the people of Yarker were blowing that Christmas was coming and he would be tight. This is the first Christmas for twenty-eight years that ever he was sober. Praise God for a salvation that saves him from all sin! Hallelujah! Our brother in giving his testimony yesterday said that, by the help of God, whiskey would never go into his mouth again. Glory to God for a clean sweep! We are marching on in the strength of one who never lost a battle, and victory is mine through Him my Saviour.

CAPT. M. CLARK.

BARRIE BOOMERS.

D. O. BODY.

How we Preach Sermons.

THORNBURY.—Bless God, we are going right through for Him. We are keeping well saved down here, and are able to say to the people, "Follow thou me, even as I also follow Christ." Although we cannot preach sermons with our tongues, bless God we can preach by living a holy life. We are living at Jesus' feet and learning of Him day by day.

LIEUT. BOB CORBETT.

Joy in Heaven.

STROUD.—You have been no doubt wondering how the 3ith was getting on. We have not been sleeping, neither has the enemy. We have been fighting and sticking at what we have won. Glory to God! Our meetings are getting better. Yesterday they were grand. There was joy in heaven, as FOUR knelt at the cross. They cried for mercy. Jesus heard and set them free. Hallelujah! and if true and follow God, will be workers for Him. Yours, living to win.

CAPT. G. CARAHER.

A Total of Five.

COLDWATER.—Although this place is called Coldwater, we have found some very warm-hearted people in it. Every meeting is getting better. Thank God, we are having the victory. Last Friday night a BACKSLIDER came back to the fold, and the Good Shepherd took him in. At night FOUR more came back to the fold. Bless God, we can give Him all the glory.

CAPT. B. ELLERY.

A New Lieut. Arrives.

HUNTSVILLE.—After six months' fighting alone, a Lieut. arrives. Of course we welcome him. We have been having grand times. The work of God is reviving. Soldiers are getting more in earnest. We had a good day on Christmas. Much liberty was felt. One brother said he got a good hoist on the way to glory in our morning meeting. We had Bro. Johnston, a converted Dane, with us. He gave a short sketch of his life, which was very interesting. God is working on the hearts of the sinners. The soldiers have turned out well for the open-airs this last week. We see a decided improvement; still there is room to mend. Lieut Wismer and myself are properly saved. We love God and each other. Sure of victory.

CAPT. T. E. BAKER.

Woodstock Words!

D. O. BAUGH.

They Stood the Test.

PARIS.—Our meeting on Christmas night was real good; God was with us. Sinners are so convicted, but will not yield. Some of the unsaved lads gave two of our converts till Christmas to keep saved. Christmas is over and they are both well saved. Jesus kept them by His power, praise His dear name. They come to all the meetings, march and testify, and they say they mean to be true no matter how hard the fighting is.

LT. M. BETTS.

Two Prodigals.

ROCKWOOD.—We are still having victory in our souls. The dear Lord has been blessing our souls in a wonderful way the past week. Christmas day, from half past five in the morning until late at night we were trying to get men and women to give up sin, cry to God for pardon, and they too would be able to praise the Lord. Sunday again a good time. We had with us Bro. Scott, of Guelph. Closed the day with TWO PRODIGALS.

CAPT. MASSECAR.

SHALL WE SEE THEM?

20,000 Precious Souls in Six Months.

THIS IS OUR DESIRE

War Cry & Little Soldier

DIVISIONAL AND STATION

COMPETITION!

CLIMBING THE WAR CRY MOUNTAIN

WAR CRY Text:—"He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly."

Divisional Competition List!

Again D.O. Bolton Moves!

He Jumps Over D.O.'s Cooper and McIntyre.

*Denotes a Rise. — † Denotes a Fall.

† Training Home Division.

MAJOR MARGETTS.

Richmond St.,	Capt.	Woodgate	420
Temple,	"	Howell	360
Lippincott,	"	Milner	350
Ottawa, Brig.	"	Greyson	310
Riverside, Brig.	"	Matthews	250
Lisgar St.,	"	Webb	220
Brantford, Brig.	"	Hind	210
Yorkville,	"	Clarke	150
Arthur St.,	"	Cragg	150
Lippincott T.H.,	"	Banks	150
†West Toronto,	"	Houston	130
Yorkville T.H.,	"	Taylor	130
Centre St.,	"	Pearson	125
†Parkdale,	"	Hendricks	100
Little York,	"	Warder	80
			3135

West Nova Scotia District.

D. O. BEATTY.

Windsor, N.S.,	Capt.	Evans	400
Halifax I,	"	Fraser	350
Yarmouth,	"	Archibald	320
Liverpool,	"	Hughes	170
Dartmouth,	"	A. McLean	150
Lunenburg,	"	White	130
Digby,	"	J. Allen	130
Annapolis,	"	Boyer	110
Halifax II,	"	McGilvory	110
Westport,	"	Sim McDonald	100
Bear River,	"	Knowsley	110
Bridgetown,	"	H. Armstrong	90
			2170

★ Chatham Division.

D. O. BOLTON.

Windsor,	Capt.	Hoag	400
Chatham,	"	Golden	360
Essex Centre	"	Wadds	190
Amherstburg,	"	Cowan	130
Ridgetown,	"	Moore	110
Wallaceburg,	"	Wells	90
Dresden,	"	Thackery	90
Blenheim,	"	Mahon	85
Leamington,	"	Wale	85
Kingsville,	"	Symons	80
Dutton,	"	Oke	80
Comber,	"	Scarr	80
Bothwell,	"	Renale	80
Thamesville,	"	Symons	75
*Tilbury Centre,	"	Wiseman	75
*Wheatley,	"		75
			2085

★ New Brunswick District.

D. O. MCINTYRE.

Fredericton,	Capt.	Yorke	350
Woodstock, N.B.,	"	S. Matthews	220
Amherst,	"	Clipperton	170
Chatham, N.B.,	"	C. McLean	140
Moncton,	Capt.	Hunter	140
Newcastle, N.B.,	"	Wheeler	140
Bathurst,	"	Hunter	125
St. Stephens,	"	Freer	140
*St. Andrews	"	Dyas	110
Campbelltown,	"	Blackburn	100
Sackville,	"	A. Smith	100
St. George,	"	Lamont	95
Sussex,	"	Shank	90
Northhead,	"	Desbrisay	90
			2010

East Nova Scotia District.

D.O. COOPER.

Charlottetown,	Capt.	Gardiner	280
New Glasgow, N.S.,	"	Fradsham	200
Pictou,	"	Larder	200
Spring Hill Mines,	"	Bent	180
South Sydney	"	McPherson	180
North Sydney	"	Wright	150
Cow Bay,	Capt.	Gordon	130
Truro,	"	Creighton	130
Westville,	"	F. Johnson	120
Parrsboro,	"	McRae	120
Oxford,	"	Raynor	110
Stellarton,	"	H. Cook	80
Guysboro,	"	Kimble	80
			1960

Montreal District.

MAJOR SPOONER.

Montreal I,	Capt.	Kelly	650
Quebec II,	"	Lindsay	150
Lachute Mills,	"	Cardiff	150
Montreal II,	"	McKenzie	140
Sherbrooke,	"	Daymond	130
Richmond,	"	Payne	120
Bedford,	"	Goodwin	105
Knowlton,	"	Rawlings	100
Cowansville	Lieut.	Snellgrove	95
Waterloo,	Capt.	Graham	75
			1715

★ London Division.

MAJOR MORRIS.

London,	Capt.	McMillan	375
Strathroy,	"	Andrews	210
Stratford,	"	Oage	200
Goderich,	"	Slote	170
Petrolia,	"	Temple	145
Seaforth,	"	Drew	140
Sarnia,	"	Hilts	100
Clinton,	"	Kitt	100
Mitchell,	"	Case	80
Watford,	"	Hunter	80
*Parkhill,	"		75
			1675

Manitoba Division.

MAJOR YOUNG.

Winnipeg,	Capt.	Frith	500
Portage la Prairie	"	Lynes	325
Brandon,	"	Arkett	235
Morden	"	Iverach	140
Carbery,	"	Tierney	110
Neepawa,	"	Coate	100
Emerson,	"	Fletcher	90
Moose Jaw,	"	Foy	90
			1590

★ Ottawa District.

ADJT. SHARP.

Cornwall,	Capt.	Watson	220
Morrisburg,	"	Laing	210
Brockville,	"	Toplem	150
Perth	"	Hinton	120
Chesterville,	"	Viner	120
Winchester,	"	Omerod	110
Prescott,	"	Broadbelt	110
*Pembroke,	"	Savage	110
Kemptville,	"	Mavity	100
Maxville,	"	Best	90
Cobden,	"	Ganney	85
Almonte,	"	Parker	85
			1510

Woodstock Division.

D. O. BAUGH.

Guelph,	Capt.	Maltby	300
Woodstock,	"	May Smith	270
Ingersoll,	"	Bach	160
Galt,	"	Greatrex	150
St. Thomas,	"	Gilroy	130
Berlin,	"	Bugg	110
Paris,	"	Glass	110
Norwich,	"	T. Coombs	90
Ayr,	"	Blaine	80
Acton,	"	Tinney	80
			1460

British Columbia District.

D. O. SCOTT.

Victoria, B.C.,	Capt.	Ashton	325
Vancouver,	"	Ham	310
Nanaimo,	"	Aikenhead	320
New Westminster,	"	Will	225
Calgary,	Lieut.	Gurney	140
Kamloops,	Capt.	Harris	100
			1420

★ Peterboro Division.

D. O. MARSHALL.

Peterboro'	Capt.	Brooks	300
*Lindsay,	"	N. Cooke	150
Cobourg,	"	Mutton	130
Port Hope,	"	E. McNamara	105
Madoc,	"	H. Laird	90
Brighton,	"	E. White	90
Port Perry	"	C. Bates	85
Campbellford	"	Barber	85
Omemee	"	Davis	85
Millbrook,	"	H. Cameron	75
Tweed	"	Wood	75
			1270

Hamilton Division.

D. O. SWEETMAN.

Hamilton I,	Capt.	Butler	450
Niagara Falls	"	Hartrey	170
St. Catharines,	"	Dawson	150
Simcoe,	"	Irvine	130
Hamilton II,	"	Stubbs	105
Oakville,	"	Now	80
Dundas,	"	Pepper	80
Fort Erie,	"	Cargill	80
			1245

St. John T.H. District.

D.O. SOUTHALL.

St. John I, N.B.	Capt.	Jewer	550
St. John III,	"	E. Allen	220
St. John II,	"	Larder	210
Carleton,	"	Cole	140
Fairville,	"	Wolters	110
			1230

Toronto Division.

D.O. PHILPOTT.

Bowmanville,	Capt.	Michiel	220
Oshawa,	"	Hett	180
Owen Sound,	"	Desson	170
Whitby,	"	Sheppard	100
Brampton,	"	W. J. Turner	100
Uxbridge,	"	Hasson	100
Shelburne,	"	Mudge	80
			950

Newfoundland Division.

MAJOR CALHOUN.

Newfoundland,	Major Calhoun	900

Kingston Division.

MAJOR WOOLLEY.

Kingston,	Capt.	Wellwood,	320
Belleville,	"	C. Creighton	130
Gananoque,	"	Gale	110
Picton,	"	Barker	100
Napanee,	"	Watson	80
Trenton	"	Werry	80
			890

Barrie Division.

D. O. BODY.

Barrie,	Capt.	J. Jones	190
Parry Sound,	"	Addie	130
Newmarket,	"	Williams	120
Orillia,	"	Merritt	110
Bracebridge,	"	Grant	85
Midland,	"	Richardson	80
			715

Palmerston District.

ADJUTANT COUSINS.

Palmerston,	Capt.	Walker	115
Wingham,	"	Fielder	110
Listowel,	"	Brokenshire	90
Wiarton,	"	Wynn	80
			395

NOTES.

Three months have passed since we started the Competition List, and we have cause to thank God for the rise in the sale of the CRYS during that time. It has been a steady increase, and we give God all the glory for it.

* * *

I would like to draw the attention of every D.O., F.O., and soldier to the WAR CRY mountain on the head of this column. See how earnestly the D.O's. are plodding up the hill, and I wonder how much longer Major Margetts will hold out? He is still at the head crying out to his brother D.O's, "Excelsior."

* * *

The rises this week are not many, but we thank God for some. Neepawa, Picton, Bobcaygeon, Tilbury, and Lucan each do a move. God bless the officers in charge of these stations. There is nothing cheers me more than to see the officers interested in the sale of my old friend, the CRY.

* * *

Glad to welcome Tilbury Centre into the list. This, together with Wheatley, makes the Chatham Division go away up again. I see that the T.H. Division comes down a bit, because of the decreases at West Toronto and Parkdale. This takes off 35 and leaves the division at 3,135.

* * *

Then St. Andrews should read 110. This puts another 20 on to "Shining Willie's" total. Alex B—— jumps over Happy Bill at last, as well as D. O. McIntyre. Now, I do believe that the Western Warrior will stand second to none in a very short time. Look out, Benjamin, or you'll be overtaken.

* * *

Then Parkhill has jumped into the list. This makes the London Division look up, and Major Spooner will have to look out or ——, but I forgot. There will be a new Major there, and it will be his place to see that the Montreal Division booms along. Whoever you are, Major, please take the hint. God bless you.

* * *

Pembroke should read 110, and this makes the Imperial Division only 80 behind the Manitoba District. Now, ye Ottawa officers, a rise of 10 each all round will do a lot towards lifting your division. What say you, Adjt. Sharp? Could not Morrisburg beat Cornwall? I believe it could with faith and works.

* * *

Then the Peterboro' Division has suffered a little because Lindsay has been credited with only 140, when she takes 150. God bless you, comrades. It's all right and square now. Picton takes 100, not 80. Oh! there are lots of stations which could help the division if they would rise a dozen or two. Now, come along.

* * *

D. O. Scott, could you not put on another 70 and ride triumphantly over the Woodstock Division? I believe you could. I must say that your division, though small, is very plucky, and if every division did the same, what a mighty move there would be? Now, other D.O's., have a look at the B.C. District.

* * *

Now for a list of those stations who, with a very small rise, could get into the List:—Toronto IX., Richmond Hill, Sutton, Unionville, Georgetown, Ont., Dundalk, Welland, Port Rowan, Fergus, Thamesford, Drumbo, Exeter, Forest, Chesley, Fenelon Falls, Kinmount, Norwood, Warkworth, Deseronto, Odessa, Aurora, Collingwood, Gravenhurst, Hillsdale, Huntsville, Renfrew, Coaticooke, Magog, Pugwash, Summerside, Kentville, Canning. Each of these, with a rise of 5, 10, 15, or 20, could cause a big stir in their respective divisions.

* * *

I hear there is to be a big change of officers in the near future, and personally I think this change ought to do a great deal for the WAR CRY sale. Let all the officers do their level best in their new stations to push the WAR CRY. God will help you to keep out of the old rut, and to invent new plans and schemes to get the CRY into every house in your city, town, and village. God bless you.

PAY.

FROM OVER THE BORDER!

OMAHA, Neb.

To the Editor of the Canadian War Cry:

DEAR SIR,—

I have often thought of writing a few lines to your paper, but owing to one thing or another, perhaps the most particular reason—being taken up with the business transactions of my own corps and writing to our own *Cry*.

Doubtless you are unaware I lived in Toronto about two years, employed in the Grand Trunk Freight Department. Most of that time I always had a tendency to be good; being a member of the Queen Street M. E. Church, occasionally attending the meetings conducted in Richmond Street barracks.

On several occasions the officers—I presume they were—would ask me very pointedly if I was a Christian; of course I knew nothing to the contrary, and sometimes felt annoyed at them making such an assertion. However, I felt in my heart and soul I was not all I could be. I had not the freedom. Where the Spirit of God is there is liberty.

Open confession is good for the soul. I must confess one thing kept me back—pride. I have learned since that Jesus won't dwell with the proud. The proud He knoweth afar off.

My brother-in-law, who lives in Colorado, wrote for me, stating he could get me a similar situation to the one I held in Toronto at double the salary.

A phrase commonly used, "Go west young man." So west I went. He was in the liquor business, and had a great desire that I should go into that business also. However, I did not, nor would not condescend myself down that far.

In Denver I got employment in an insurance office, when I commenced to attend the Army meetings. There I got properly converted from pride, self and tobacco.

It is now seventeen months since that great transaction took place, and since then I have been used as an instrument in God's hands, as an agent, inspiring lives for an eternal home not made with hands.

I love this work because I know it's of God. I could give you a longer letter on this subject, but suffice to say, I am saved from sin, saved from doing wrong. If you don't believe it, come and see us at our hall, 1114 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

JNO. G. MCCLELLAND,
Captain

Coming Events

THE

COMMISSIONER

Accompanied by STAFF-CAPT. LEIGHTON and ADJT. PLANT, will Visit

BOWMANVILLE, Monday, January 20
LINDSAY, Wednesday, " 22
OWEN SOUND, Monday, " 27
ORANGEVILLE, Thursday, February 13

LOOK OUT FOR GREAT TIMES!

Training Home Division.

Commissioner Adams, Staff, and Major Margetts.

20,000 SOUL BOOMING!

WILL VISIT:

YORKVILLE, Jan. 26th, Great Salvation Meetings; afternoon and night.
LIPPINCOTT T. H. (Lecture Room), Jan. 31st, meeting of Secretaries and Sergeants at 7:45 p. m.
TEMPLE, Feb. 4th, United Soldiers' Meeting at 7:45 p. m. Riverside, Centre Street, Little York, Yorkville, Eglinton, and Temple Corps unite.
RICHMOND ST., Feb. 7th, United Soldiers' Meeting at 7:45 p.m., of Lippincott, Arthur, and Richmond St. Corps.
RIVERSIDE, Feb. 9th, Great Salvation Meetings; afternoon and night.
LISGAR ST., Feb. 11th, United Soldiers' Meeting at 7:45 p. m., of W. Toronto Junct., Parkdale, and Lisgar Street Corps.

MAJOR MARGETTS

WILL VISIT:

W. TORONTO JUNCT., Jan. 18th, Enrolment.
W. TORONTO JUNCT., Jan. 19th, Salvation Meetings with C. H. T. B.
RICHMOND ST., Jan. 20th, Commissioning of Secretaries, Sergeants, and Bandsmen.
LITTLE YORK, Jan. 21st, Commisioning Secretaries and Enrolment.
RIVERSIDE, Jan. 22nd, Commissioning of Secretaries, Sergeants, and Bandsmen.
YORKVILLE, Jan. 25th, Commissioning of Secretaries and Enrolment.
LIPPINCOTT, Jan. 27th, Commissioning of Secretaries and Sergeants.

Staff-Captain Leighton,

Will visit the following Corps on the Dates Named:

NIAGARA FALLS, Thursday, January 23
ST. CATHARINES, Friday, January 24
HAMILTON I & II, Sat., Sun., " 25, 26
OAKVILLE, Tuesday, " 28

DON'T FORGET THE DATES!

THE MIXED MUSICAL MEDLEY BAND

From Headquarters under the command of STAFF-CAPT. READ, and ADJT. PLANT,

WILL VISIT

RICHMOND HILL,

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, JAN'Y 25th, 26th.

Songs, Solos, Unique Marches, Striking Uniforms, Avalanches of Music, Thrilling Facts.

A Mighty Blending of Pure Amusement, Salvation Joy, and Desperate Attack against Sin, Drink and the Devil.

SEE DODGERS FOR PARTICULARS.

Staff-Captain Leighton

(The Junior Warrior),

AND

ADJUTANT T. PLANT

(The Musical Wonder),

WILL VISIT

Guelph, Saturday, Sunday, Feb. 8, 9.

Staff-Capt. Leighton will Lead the Meeting on Monday 10th.

Trade Department.

"IT'S A FACT"

You can purchase Coats and Capes at the Following Prices from Headquarters:

OVERCOAT without Cape	$ 9 50
" " "	11 50
" English Nap, without Cape	12 00
OVERCOAT, English Melton, without Cape	14 50
OVERCOAT, English Pilot, without Cape	17 00
OVERCOAT, Best English West Melton	19 50

In Field Work, Officers find it irksome carrying an extremely heavy Overcoat, and we are INTRODUCING A LONG MILITARY CAPE with STORM COLLAR (alone), and these are made as follows:

No. 1. Blue Frieze	$ 6 50
No. 2. " Nap	7 50
No. 3. " Melton	8 50
No. 4. Crombie Nap	12 50

N.B.—This Price includes Expressage to all Parts of the Dominion.

VERY IMPORTANT!

Our UNIFORM SUIT consists of Tunic and Pants, with Guernsey or Sheffield Jacket WORN IN PLACE OF A VEST.

The Training of Children

BY THE

GENERAL.

Chapters on, Duty of Parents; Possibility of giving Successful Training; Conditions of Successful Training; Godly Parentage; Responsibility of Parents; Dedication; Parental Example; Family Government; Teaching; What is to be Taught; Training; Obedience; Truthfulness; Self-Denial; Humility; Chastisement; Companionships; Amusements and Recreations; Saving the Children; Junior Soldiers, and how to make them; Objections to Junior Soldiers; Dress; Education; Reading; Strong Drink; Tobacco; Industry; Health; Food, etc., etc.

This is without doubt the most practical and comprehensive book ever written on this subject. Worth its weight in Gold. Every house should contain One. Order at Once.

ONLY 75 CENTS.

Beautifully Bound. Send Orders and Cash to T. H. ADAMS, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

"ALL THE WORLD."

A Neatly Bound Monthly record of the Work of the Army in all Lands. It is very interesting, and every Officer, Soldier, and Friend should Subscribe for it.

PRICE $1.20 PER ANNUM,

From Headquarters, or any Officer, 10 Cents Each.

The "WAR CRY."

Full of Interesting and Lively Facts of the War throughout the entire Dominion. Articles by the General, the Commissioner, and other Leading Members of the Army.

ONLY 5 CENTS WEEKLY, $1.75 PER ANNUM.

The "Little Soldier."

Full of Stirring Facts about the War among the Juniors of the Dominion.

ONLY 1 CENT, WEEKLY.

THE CANADIAN HOUSEHOLD TROOPS' Brass BanD

WILL VISIT:

W. TORONTO JUNCT.	....	Jan.	18, 19
LISGAR STREET	....	"	20
ARTHUR "	....	"	21
RICHMOND "	....	"	22
RIVERSIDE	....	"	23
EGLINGTON	....	"	24
YORKVILLE	....	"	25, 26
CENTRE STREET	....	"	27
LITTLE YORK	....	"	28
TEMPLE	....	"	29

— FOR —

Great Soul Boom Meetings

SNARE DRUMMER WANTED!

— FOR THE —

Canadian Household Troops' Band.

One who is well saved and a competent player. Apply at once to

COMMISSIONER, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

GREAT TIMBREL BOOM!

Now is the time to get out your old broken Timbrels and have them repaired. We have reduced the Jingles to two cents per pair. We can also supply good Timbrel Heads for 50 cts. each. You can thus have a good Timbrel at half the original price. Send in your orders at once.

CHATHAM DIVISION.

Three Days' Blaze at Essex Centre,

January 25th, 26, and 27th.

BANQUET on the 27th. Capt. Golden and other Officers will be Present.

All these Special Meetings will be led by D.O. and MRS. BOLTON.

The Christmas Number of

"ALL THE WORLD,"

CALLED

"QUICK MARCH,"

With Beautifully Illustrated Covers. It is full of Interesting News from all over the Globe. A lot in Stock. Send your Order right away.

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH.

OFFICERS, NOTE!!

READY AT LAST!

THE NEW DAILY REPORT BOOK.

Every effort has been made to give in this Book, space for a daily record of an Officer's work—in simple form. It has space for information on nearly every question in the Weekly, Spiritual, and Financial Report. Each Book is strongly bound, and will last one year.

PRICE, ONLY $1.00. Order at Once.

COME HOME!

SPECIAL NOTE.—All advertisements inserted in this column FREE of CHARGE. Owing to the great demand for space, we cannot, in the future insert any matter unless it is written plainly on one side of the paper only, and no advertisement will be inserted more than two continuous weeks.

FRED P. HUSSEY. Late of Crook Road, Lower Road, Deptford, London, England. If this meets his eye, or any one knowing of his whereabouts, please write Capt. E. Kelly, 25 Alexander Street, Montreal, Que. His wife is very anxious to hear from him. Last heard of on board the "Lydian Monarch," off Margate, Eng. 28,12,'89.

JOHN M. McCLELLAN was last heard of from San Francisco. Supposed to have gone to Los Angeles in March, 188[illegible]. His uncle is dead, and his father is going down to his grave with sorrow. Any news of his whereabouts to be sent to Mrs. McConnell, Kazabazua P.O., Co. Ottawa, P.Q., Canada. 11,1,'90.

GEORGE MILLS who is twenty-eight years of age, and was in Costa Rica, C.A. in 188[illegible] when last heard from. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please write to his mother, Mrs. Frank Mills, Brooklin, Ont., Canada. American *Cry* please copy. 11,1,'90.

Would JOHN DEER, who left Grand Bank, Newfoundland, about twelve years ago, please communicate with his brother Samuel, who is anxious to hear from him. Address, Grand Bank, Newfoundland. 11,1,'90.

THOMAS FOX when last heard from, he was a blacksmith on C.V. R'y., White River Junct., Vt., U.S.A. Your brother, Geo. Fox, Georgetown, Ont. (late of Horsebrooke Lane, N. Pankridge, Staffordshire, Eng.), would be glad to hear from you. American *Cry* please copy. 11,1,'90.

CHARLES BRAMHAM. When last heard of five years ago, he was in Edmonton, Winnipeg. Left Campbellton, N.B. 7 or 8 years ago. Also ABRAM BRAMHAM left home 15 years ago. Last heard of in Montana, Rocky Mountains, 5 or 6 years ago, sons of Wm. Bramham. Please communicate with Capt. Wm. Freer, S.A., St. Stephen, N.B., Canada. 11,1,'90.

RICHARD THWAITES WILLIAMSON a sailor, living in New York in 1858, last heard from in the Island of Cuba in 1858. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received, by his sister, Harriet Waite, 5 Cromwell Street, West Hartlepool, England, or his uncle, Wm. H. Williamson, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Canada. American *Cry* please copy. 11,1,'90.

MARTHA WILLIAMSON who left Liverpool in 1852 for New York, left there for California in 1850 or 1856. Any information concerning her would be thankfully received by her sister, Harriet Waite, 5 Cromwell Street, West Hartlepool, England, or her uncle, William H. Williamson, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Canada. American *Crys* please copy. 11,1,'90.

Will ARABELLA WAY who left Bonavista, Newfoundland about 39 years ago, and has not been heard from since, please send word to her brother George, who is anxious to hear from her. Address, Grand Bank, Newfoundland. 11,1,'90.

BEN TRIPP, whose mother is supposed to be on her death-bed. Her constant prayer is that he will return home before she dies. She is a soldier in the Corps of St. Thomas, Ont. 11,1,'90.

MR. L. SHAW of Kempsey, Macleay River, New South Wales, Australia, would like to hear of his brother. This brother sailed from Copenhagen to Canada four years ago. He is supposed to be working at his trade, painting, in the Dominion. Will anyone knowing of his whereabouts, send either to the Editor of WAR CRY, Temple, Toronto, or to the above address. 11,1,'90.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per annum. Printed with all S. A. publications, at the PENNY PRINTING HOUSE, 19 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs. Booth, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of the WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the more confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed, with all S.A. publications, at the Penny Printing House, 19 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.